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"MELLON SEES LITTLE DANGER of '27 Deficit"—thus a headline in the press of February 28. Less than three weeks ago he declared that if the bill passed with a cut much above the one he desired ($330,000,000) there would be a "serious Treasury deficit." At the same time the House leaders, according to a dispatch of February 11 to the New York *Times*, "served notice that the tax reductions must not exceed the total of $327,000,000." Well, the President has signed the tax bill with a cut of $387,000,000 and everybody is happy except that the President warns Congress that it must be good or it will spend $100,000,000 more than our income. Why should Congress pay any attention to that warning if the Secretary of the Treasury, after declaring that he will not permit more of a tax cut than $327,000,000, accepts $387,000,000? As a matter of fact, Mr. Mellon is the world's worst guesser when it comes to Treasury estimates. Thus for 1922 he guessed a deficit of $24,000,000 and for 1923 a deficit of "over $167,000,000." In his annual report for 1923 he even declared that there was an estimated deficit of $822,000,000 at the beginning of the fiscal year. As it happened there was a surplus for 1922 of $314,000,000 and for 1923 a surplus of $310,000,000, Mr. Mellon's guess for 1923 having been thus only $1,132,000,000 out of the way! For 1924 his guess was $180,000,000 surplus; actually it turned out to be $505,000,000. But who cares now what Mr. Mellon guesses or if he directly contradicts his beloved President? No one objects to this looseness of financial government if he can get his taxes cut, least of all the twenty-two multi-millionaires who, according to Basil Manly of the Peoples' Legislative Service, will save no less than $11,658,571 in income taxes by the signing of this tax bill. Poor, dear Mr. Mellon himself *saves $828,348*. Why should he worry if Congress has gone further than he wished and his guesses are always wrong?

IF THE ALUMINUM COMPANY of America is ever brought to book it will be marvelous indeed. Not only has the Attorney General ruled that the Aluminum Company has evaded no law, but on February 26 the Senate by a vote of 36 to 33 refused to adopt the majority report of its Judiciary Committee criticizing the Department of Justice for inaction and censuring the Attorney General for his ignorance concerning the litigation. As has happened on other occasions, the motion was lost by the defection of Democrats, Bruce of Maryland and Blease of South Carolina. Three others were absent, Shipstead because of illness. Had these five voted aye, as there was every reason to expect, the motion would have passed. It has now been officially stated that Secretary Mellon, instead of being a majority stockholder, owns only 16 per cent of the company. But the fact remains that the Federal Trade Commission has reported that the Aluminum Company is a flagrant lawbreaker. If there is any further evidence needed of this, let us quote the following from the New York *Herald Tribune* apropos of the Federal Trade Commissions's further inquiry into this trust:

> PITTSBURGH, Feb. 17.—As complete a control of a single industry, in this case the manufacture of aluminum, as ever has been known in the history of the world is expected to be shown when probably 750 pieces of correspondence between the Aluminum Company of America and independent manufacturers are revealed to the public, probably about the middle of April.

And it is the *Herald Tribune* itself which has been so ardent in its defense of this trust.

SENATORS BORAH AND REED began their attack upon our adherence to the World Court, in Chicago, amid much red fire and attended by a procession of 3,000 automobiles which covered thirty-five miles. The first result has been that Senator McKinley has come running to the White House demanding aid to protect him from the onslaughts of these gentlemen who have marked him for slaughter in the April primaries when he comes up for renomination. The White House itself is adhering to its rule of playing safe and not going to the rescue of endangered vassals, but in this case it is "understood" that important officials will be dispatched to speak in Illinois. The most interesting question in regard to this militancy of Senator Borah is whether it will encourage him sufficiently to make him an open aspirant for the Republican presidential nomination against Mr. Coolidge. It is well known in Washington that Senator Couzens has offered to back Senator Borah financially. Few of the Washington newspaper fraternity believe that Senator Borah will finally decide to challenge the President, with the latter's control of the official machinery and his ability to pocket the Southern

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Negro delegations. Yet it would be most refreshing if Mr. Borah should decide to fight it out in the primaries, if only because we should then once more have a first-rate intellect in search of the Presidency and a man who could reveal most damaging secrets of the political charnel house if he wished to do so.

IF WE ARE TO RUN CRYING to the federal government every time we get a bump or a fright, we may as well abandon local government—and thus largely self-government—in this country. The federal government is far too ready to intrude in local spheres as it is; it does not need any urging. Hence we regret the extraordinary request that the Better Government Association of Chicago has made for a congressional investigation into crime in that city. To what end? The Congress could do little or nothing, as it has virtually no jurisdiction over any of the crime from which Chicago is suffering, except violation of the liquor laws. We can well believe that conditions are bad in Chicago and that part, at least, of the local administration is in league with the criminal element. But either Chicago can save itself or it is not worth saving. It is babyish for any of its citizens to run whining to Washington for assistance. We like better the report on crime of a committee of the Boston Chamber of Commerce which recommends action by the State—the proper authority to deal with the matter. The committee says, sensibly, that improvement should be sought by better administration, not by more laws, and suggests an association of private citizens to help bring this about. Governor Smith of New York is recommending a State inquiry into crime, but it remains to be shown whether such action would be anything but a moral gesture and a sea of words.

WE MAY BE ENJOYING an era of unbounded prosperity, but the unending warfare between capital and labor does not appreciably abate. The armistice in anthracite is followed by three outbreaks in the garment trades in the New York district. Twenty-six thousand members of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union were ready to call a strike in 1,000 shops, their employers were ready to bring an injunction against them, when Judge Joseph M. Proskauer stepped in and succeeded in effecting a temporary settlement. The fur workers in New York are on strike for a forty-hour week and for a plan by which employers are asked to keep the full force on the pay roll during slack seasons. Instead of laying off one man entirely and keeping another man on at full time, the strikers demand that both men be kept on at half time —or whatever ratio the exigencies of the situation require. This may not make for more operating efficiency, but it certainly means less human waste and hardship. Finally, in Passaic, New Jersey, the textile workers have tied up the worsted mills in an endeavor to secure shorter hours, better working conditions, and increased wages.

JUST AS WILSON'S place in history will be determined chiefly by the fate of the League of Nations that of Briand will be fixed by the results of the treaties of Locarno. So far as the rest of his career goes Briand has been little more than an average old-school politician. He does not pretend to be a financier and is contributing no ideas of his own to the terribly difficult problem now before France of keeping out of bankruptcy. But at Locarno he seemed to have attained for himself, and to inject into others, a new political spirit—one supremely needed in Europe today. He has revealed the same qualities in the debates in the French Parliament on the ratification of the Locarno agreements. In the United States oratory has fallen into disuse, not to say disrespect. In France it still survives and Briand is one of its prophets. When he talks of the spirit and aims of Locarno he says things to which his countrymen and all Europe may well give ear. But mere oratory is not enough; Briand has yet to show the world how much he personally will dare and sacrifice for Locarno. As he himself said the other day: "One can throw a whole people into war without giving them time or possibility for reflection. But peace demands continuous, prolonged, tenacious service."

THE ARTICLE upon the Italian debt situation which we publish in this issue is the first of a series by Mr. Murphy. That *The Nation* has complete confidence in Mr. Murphy goes without saying, but the responsibility for particular statements is his. We believe that with the arrival in Paris of General Cesare Rossi, formerly Mussolini's confidential lieutenant, we are on the verge of sensational revelations as to the true character both of fascism and of its leader. Mussolini and his administration have become the greatest menace to peace in Europe, and we are emphatically of the opinion that so far as Mr. Murphy touches upon the warlike plans of the dictatorship he does so with all moderation. As to Italian finances, we believe that Mr. Murphy is doing a great service to American investors in setting forth the facts. Our bankers, too, ought to be very sure as to the destination of funds loaned in Italy. If Mr. Murphy's contentions are correct, as we feel they are, not one additional dollar of American money should go to the Italians until they have purged themselves of this despot and his whole crew and restored democratic government, liberty, and justice in their country.

THE WILL OF the late Emperor Francis Joseph, drawn up in 1901, has just been made public. Of all the forms of immortality devised by man, perhaps the most uncertain is that by which he seeks after death to control his earthly means. By a meticulous series of arrangements Francis Joseph tried to barricade his estate against every possible whim of fortune, whether it be the childlessness of some heirs, or the divorce of others, or even "if, in the course of time and historical development, the monarchy's form of government should be changed and—God forbid!—the Crown not remain with our house. . . ." In the last event, which was, in the Emperor's eyes, centuries distant, the latifundia or family fortune of 60,000,000 kronen was to be governed in its succession by the Civil Code of 1811. The Emperor provided, in fact, for every whim of fortune, excepting only the one which actually took place—the depreciation of the currency—which reduced his stately latifundia to the approximate value of $850. His twenty-eight castles and estates have been confiscated everywhere except in Hungary, in which alone, of all the states at whose birth the empire died, the Hapsburgs have retained their rights. His 146,000,000 kronen in money assets were for the most part in stocks and bonds which are now merely printed paper. And, as a final stroke of irony, part of the Emperor's generosity bids fair to deprive his heirs of what little they may have saved

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from the wreck of the falling crown, for the Emperor's servants—or the Socialists for them—are suing the heirs for their pensions as provided in the will, and demanding that the pensions be paid in gold.

THE SUDDEN DEATH of Mrs. Laura Nelson Kirkwood in a Baltimore hotel, at the age of only 43, precipitates a most interesting journalistic situation. By the death of her father, Colonel William R. Nelson, owner of the Kansas City *Star* and Kansas City *Times*, Mrs. Kirkwood became the life beneficiary of her father's $8,000,000 estate. This now passes to a perpetual board of trustees comprising the presidents of the universities of Missouri, Kansas, and Oklahoma. The historic newspapers are to be sold within two years and the proceeds from the sale are to be reinvested. The entire estate is to be "managed for public purposes forever," and it is further provided that "the net income of the rents thereof shall be used for the purchase of works of art and reproductions of works of the fine arts, such as paintings, engravings, sculptures, tapestries, and rare books, the purpose being to procure works and reproductions of works of fine arts which will contribute to the delectation and enjoyment of the public generally, but not usually provided for by public funds." There is provided by the will of Mrs. Nelson a museum to house the fine arts collected by the trustees. Thus Kansas City will soon be in a position to make itself a genuine art center if the large sums to be expended by the trustees are wisely invested. What will become of the Nelson newspapers is a question which will agitate the newspaper world until it is settled. While they have lost much of their prestige and some of their influence since Colonel Nelson's death, they are still the most powerful papers between the Mississippi and the Pacific Coast. Thus their future ownership and policy is a matter of importance to a large section of the country.

THE CENSORSHIP of college publications continues at a monotonous pace. From every section of the country come reports of magazines or issues of magazines which some rather vague "Committee of the Faculty" has decided must never meet the tender eyes of undergraduates. The editor of the *Candle* at Ohio State University complains in his latest number that "Every publication on the campus is censored from the harmless *Ag Student*" on down to the "heretical" journal of opinion which he somehow keeps going. The story is an old one, and there is something to be said for the theory that the danger of suppression increases a sophomore's zest in what he writes and chooses to publish. But the spectacle is dreary at best, seeing that it fills so broad a stage and lasts so long. An issue of the *Occident* at the University of California has been killed because it contained a story of Joseph and Jesus which "the authorities" found blasphemous. The editor of the *Illinois Magazine* at the University of Illinois has been deposed because he printed a series of "Zinc City Sketches" dealing with the city of La Salle. Certain citizens of the town did not like the sketches, visited the university, and the editor went. The episode, we fear, is significant. When the faculties of State universities become responsible to the heads of zinc smelteries or to any other citizens, literature and education are not safe. Public opinion, calling as it does here and there for anti-evolution laws, is perhaps dangerous enough. Committees of manufacturers are decidedly more so.

ONE OF THE BEST chapters in the endless biography of H. G. Wells which some day someone will write will concern itself with Mr. Wells's quarrels. We are not asking that his little private tiffs be tracked and aired. In one of his utopian volumes he has insisted that in the perfect society the individual shall remain inviolate within whatever circle of thoughts and emotions he may wish to keep sacred. But his altercations in the press—these are delightful, and they make history. Not long ago he had it back and forth with Henry Arthur Jones. Both men were witty, and so it could be said of Mr. Wells, as Falstaff said of himself, that he had been the cause of wit in other men—Mr. Jones on his own having never been so very funny. Now it is Mr. Wells and Poultney Bigelow. Mr. Bigelow's "Seventy Summers," recently reviewed in *The Nation* by our gallant British friend, H. W. Nevinson, contained, it seems, the story of a tea party at the house of the Countess Russell, to which both Mr. Wells and Mr. Bigelow came. Mr. Bigelow recorded that Mr. Wells had looked like "a lucky stockbroker or traveling salesman" and had talked in a loud voice about his tremendous royalties. Mr. Wells, replying in the London papers, seems to be grieved less by the image of the drummer than by the tale of the royalties. Mr. Bigelow, he insists, was so "ill-mannered" as to press him concerning his profits; and he, after murmuring a few replies, was so bored that he could no longer "delight openly in Bigelow." Mr. Bigelow deposes that if he is a bore his career as a speaker is ruined; and sues Mr. Wells for $50,000. As for us, we are amused, and hope to be still more so as the war goes on. But we hope also that neither party will in the end be poorer by a penny.

GILBERT MURRAY is the first scholar chosen to hold the Charles Eliot Norton annual professorship of poetry at Harvard, and he is certainly the most distinguished of all who are available. The professorship itself, the gift of C. C. Stillman of New York, is an interesting analogue of the famous chair at Oxford which has been filled by such men as Thomas Warton, Matthew Arnold, W. J. Courthope, and W. P. Ker. The chief difference between the two seems to be that the American term is for one year, whereas the Professor of Poetry at Oxford retains his title until his death. The stipulation of the donor that the word poetry be given the broadest possible interpretation in the lectures delivered at Harvard is one which Professor Murray will appreciate, since his approach to literature and art has always been made through the extensive field of a ripe and humane learning. It is announced that he will be in residence between September and December of the present year and that he will give eight or nine lectures on "The Classical Tradition in Poetry." The historian of the Greek epic, the analyst of Greek religion, and the translator of Euripides will surely have much to say that is interesting and important, and students will look for a volume as significant as was the "Five Stages of Greek Religion," which Professor Murray delivered in the form of lectures at Columbia University a number of years ago. The world of American letters will cordially welcome Professor Murray when he arrives in Cambridge next fall. The exchange professorships and scholarships which are growing common in modern education are an excellent sign of the increasing internationalization of scholarship. From that the movement will spread into other fields.

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Housing the People

GOVERNOR SMITH'S proposal for improving housing conditions in New York State—by which is meant specifically New York City—is now public. It was suggested in his annual message to the Legislature. Now we are given the details, duly embodied in a bill together with the report of the Commission on Housing and Regional Planning, whose gloomy researches into housing conditions in the metropolis provide the most potent reasons why something immediate and drastic should be done. The commission, of which Clarence S. Stein is chairman, has been holding hearings and conducting investigations for many months. It finds that private enterprise as a means for securing decent houses for the bulk of New York City's population has completely broken down. At present it is building only for the upper third. "The cost of construction and especially the cost of money make it impossible to rent or sell new construction at prices available to two-thirds of our families." The building boom of the past five years, the commission finds, has brought no relief to those who live in congested tenement areas. If the present rate of demolition be maintained it will be 138 years before the last of the tenements has disappeared that were declared subnormal by the Tenement House Law of 1901. Only 3 per cent of the new construction of 1924 rents within the purses of 70 per cent of the population. By and large, all families with incomes of less than $2,500 a year—and that means more than two-thirds of all families in the city—"are afforded no decent place in which to live, to rear children, and to enjoy a home life."

Housing conditions are directly responsible for widespread criminal activities, for lowered moral standards, for the prevalence of tuberculosis and pneumonia.

> Home becomes a place to be avoided. All members of the family seek to spend their leisure time elsewhere. . . . The evil of doubling up families in small apartments, far from abating, in the last two years has grown steadily worse. The male lodger is in the small home in larger numbers than ever before with all the attendant degrading potentialities of family life and morals. Congestion is growing and spreading; families are not only crowding themselves with lodgers, but in many cases there is a double shift, night and day, of lodgers.

The City Board of Child Welfare tells of children hiring cellars for clubrooms in order to escape from their homes. Over one-thirteenth of the city's population, it appears, is living at a density of 600 people to the acre. The worst slums of Paris and of London show a maximum density to the acre of only 434 and 365 respectively.

But the impressive thing about the commission's report is not the crowding of the slums but the shoe-horning and jamming of the middle classes. One must be either a pants manufacturer or a bootlegger before one has room in which to swing a cat—for the skilled worker, the clerk, the professional man, a swing is likely to land one down the dumb-waiter or out in the alley. And let it be repeated, and re-repeated: *There is not the vestige of a hope that private enterprise can ever better the situation.* Laissez-faire is bankrupt in the premises. It is as dead as the Neanderthal Man.

In this impasse what, specifically, does Governor Smith propose? His bill sets up a State Housing Board, a State Housing Bank, and a limited-dividend private corporation (as many of the latter as need be). The State Housing Board is to exert general supervision over new housing projects. The State Housing Bank is to finance the projects. The limited-dividend corporation is to do the actual construction work, and to operate the properties after they are built. A reduction of 1 per cent in the interest rate on the capital cost of a building means the reduction of rents by more than $1 per room per month. Under present conditions, speculative building requirements entail an average rate of 9 or 10 per cent on the money employed. If the State Housing Bank can cut this rate to 4 or 5 per cent, the potential saving is in the neighborhood of $5 per room per month. Furthermore, it is a commonplace that genuine improvements so tend to force up land values that the economies of such improvements are skimmed off by the land speculator before they can reach the ultimate tenant. Therefore the State Housing Bank is given the power of condemnation, which, if exercised in sufficiently large units, will go far to keep the land speculator's feet out of the trough. Furthermore, the Housing Bank's bonds will be tax exempt, thus making for a final element of saving.

A housing project may be initiated by a group of individuals spontaneously or it may be suggested to them by the State Housing Board. The group will take steps to form a limited-dividend company. The company's physical plan must first be approved by the Housing Board and then referred to the Housing Bank, which passes upon the financial plan. The bank will then proceed to condemn the property in question. One-third of the total cost of the project will be supplied by the limited-dividend company through the sale of stock on which dividends cannot exceed 6 per cent. The remaining two-thirds will be provided by the bank through the sale of tax-exempt State housing bonds, at a rate not to exceed 5 per cent. The bonds are a first lien on the property. The bank, having secured the land by condemnation, leases it to the company for a term of fifty years. The rate of amortization is fixed to write off 75 per cent of the cost of the improvement in the fifty-year period. The operation of the property by the company is at all times subject to supervision by the board and the bank.

Such in brief is the Governor's plan, "drawn with a view to retaining the advantages of private investment and private management without the present drawbacks." Already the Real Estate Board of New York has charged that the proposal "reeks with moral turpitude." If moral turpitude consists in an honest attempt to reduce crime, disease, and discomfort, and to make life for two-thirds of the people of New York a little more worth the living, the Real Estate Board is welcome to make the most of it. The bill will face rough seas at Albany. If passed, will it correct the conditions it is designed to correct? Perhaps. If condemnations are widespread enough; if the combination of State and private company does not prove too cumbersome; if the limited-dividend principle does not follow the very hazardous course it has followed in England; if . . . a good many things. But granted the State cannot build houses directly for its own people when all other means have failed, then the Governor's proposal deserves the fullest support for a trial period.

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The Rising Tide of Prejudice

IT was Booker Washington's theory, widely proclaimed and usually applauded by Southern whites, that if the Negroes only learned trades and proceeded to follow them diligently and to mind their own business all would be well and they would become happy and prosperous. Well, one colored man, A. J. Herndon, took that advice, became a barber and developed the largest and finest barber shop in the city of Atlanta, well situated on the main thoroughfare. Reinvesting his profits he made $100,000 in Florida real estate, built a modern office building in Atlanta, and organized a life insurance company with a capital of $100,000. What has happened? Instead of receiving the plaudits of the city the Council of Atlanta has passed an ordinance prohibiting Negro barbers from serving white patrons. The attack originated apparently with the white barbers' union which skilfully took advantage of the craze for bobbed hair and had much to say of the shocking sight of seeing white women having their hair cut by colored men. This means the wiping out in Atlanta of barber shops for whites representing an invested capital of $200,000. What is more remarkable is that it is only a few years since any white men could be found in the South to perform this "menial" service for anybody. Thus the reward for virtue, industry, and thrift for colored barbers in Atlanta is their being deprived of their livelihood unless they can replace their white patrons by colored ones, which at best means a reconstruction of their business and the removal of their shops.

This ordinance was not passed unwittingly and thoughtlessly, as the weak-kneed Atlanta *Constitution* declares, but by a majority of the members of the Council. The bravest and most worth-while paper in Georgia, Julian Harris's Columbus *Enquirer-Sun*, not only gives the lie to the *Constitution* and its flagrant warping of the truth in stating that no thoughtful and honest Negro leader in Georgia will declare "that Georgia does not treat its Negro fairly in every way," but quietly asks why the Atlanta Council should not prohibit banks conducted by whites from receiving deposits from Negroes and also the employment by whites of Negro cooks, Negro nurses, and Negro laundresses. It also seeks to know why Negroes should not be barred from all department stores, or any other stores in which white clerks have to wait upon them. Logic would dictate this and many similar courses. Incidentally, the *Enquirer-Sun* asks the *Constitution*, which is so afraid of the Ku Klux Klan and other anti-Negro elements, if it ever heard of the case of a Klansman by the name of Fox who entered the office of a Mr. Coburn and assassinated him, and of a Negro by the name of Hicks who stole a mule worth $50? Hicks, the Negro, was sentenced to twenty years at hard labor for taking the mule, and Fox, the Klansman and white man, was given ten years for murder. Thus is justice dispensed to the Negro in Georgia! Fortunately, the protests from individuals and from various other Georgia newspapers besides the *Enquirer-Sun* have thus far prevented the mayor from signing the ordinance. But it has not yet been rejected.

In Virginia there is Hampton Institute, one of the great institutions of the South, which has also been practicing the doctrines of Booker Washington in that it has been preparing the Negroes for trades ever since the Civil War. If there is a more valuable institution in Virginia we do not know it. As our readers are aware, it has been the pioneer in the industrial education of the Negro; by the sanity and strength and power of General Armstrong, the founder, and his successors, it has been a great influence for civilization for both whites and blacks. For years the whites from neighboring towns have gone, often uninvited, to the excellent entertainments offered at Hampton. Now at the instigation of a local editor a bill has been passed by the House of Delegates in Richmond, with only two dissenting votes, forbidding the sitting together in any gathering within the State of Virginia of white and black people. It is a general bill pretending to apply to the whole State, but deliberately aimed at Hampton because the white guests at the Hampton entertainments have sat alongside colored students and teachers. If passed it will seriously interfere with the efficiency of Hampton which has always had white and colored members on its faculty. It will place the school's administration between the devil and the deep sea, for the colored people will not come to Hampton as they have heretofore, if there is to be segregation within its walls. Should the Governor sign this un-American and undemocratic bit of special legislation we trust that the school will take its constitutionality up to the Supreme Court if necessary, and, if it loses, remove the school to a civilized State. Hampton has contributed enormously to the material and social progress of Virginia. If this piece of prejudice is really enacted into law, the State should lose the school and the entire country be notified that Virginia is insincere when it declares that it wishes the Negro to be trained along industrial lines and to be treated with justice.

The New Stage-Craft

THE strange but extraordinarily effective stage-setting used by the Moscow Art Theater for its production of "Carmencita and the Soldier" affords but a mild example of the results of the theatrical radicalism which is agitating the producers of all European countries. The International Theatrical Exposition now open for a short time at Steinway Hall will, however, afford to New Yorkers an admirable opportunity to get some inkling of the extent and variety of the movement, for the exhibit, originally a part of the Exposition des Arts Décoratifs at Paris, but now enriched by various American additions, includes models supplied by the experimental theaters of eighteen countries. The Odéon is not too tame nor Kiesler too wild for the catholic taste of the committee, and here by consequence one may get some idea of the whole range of experiment from its timid center to the very extreme of its lunatic fringe. Cubists, synthesists, constructivists, and bio-mechanists have been allowed to do their best or their worst, as the case may be, and the result is a stimulating chaos amid which one may distinguish the confident voice of many conflicting creeds. The Austrian Fritz offers his block-stage with its flexible arrangement of cubistic masses; Prampolini of Italy illustrates the possibilities of his "Poly-dimensional Stage"; Tairov presents some models from his famous Kamerny Theater in Moscow. Friedrich Kiesler of Vienna, who "believes that the future city must be built entirely in space, free from the ground," and who has invented a theater without either stage or

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actors, is director of the exposition. Picasso also has some exhibits, and a performance of George Antheil's symphony for ten electrical pianos, four electrical drums, and four electrical xylophones is also promised.

The movement which the exposition illustrates has, to be sure, its comic side, but at bottom it is an attempt, which has already borne fruit, to expand in different directions the possibilities of the theater. It is based upon a realization that there are potentialities in the spectacle which are not confined to the presentation of realistic literary plays in a realistic setting. Even the most extreme of its experiments serve at the very least to test the limit to which any particular source of appeal may be pushed. One need not wish to see all scenery and all actors banished from the stage to make place for shifting lights and shadows, and one need not believe that, in the words of the official spokesman for the exhibition, "the literary theater is dead" because "this is an optical age." But one cannot deny that those whose enthusiasm for new modes of expression leads them into the most sweeping of dogmatisms have made contributions which more conservative directors have been glad to use. The theater represents a synthetic art, but the pioneer has generally little temperamental sympathy with synthesis. He rides his hobby as far as it will carry him, and it is none of his concern if one of his fellows has ridden an equal distance in the opposite direction. While one director is banishing the actor completely in order to make a scenic spectacle the all in all, another is banishing, as the Moscow Musical Studio did, all decoration whatsoever and attempting to make the stage nothing except a place upon which people can act.

In viewing the exposition one cannot but observe that the general tendency is in a direction diametrically opposed to that Oriental opulence of color and that rather feminine exuberance of facile decoration which the influence of Bakst made for a time the fashion in American theatrical spectacles. France still leads in charm, but perhaps because of the leadership of revolutionary Russia a certain austerity of form is a common element in nearly all the most interesting designs whether they take the form of cubistic masses, mere platforms, or those strange arrangements of levers and wheels affected by the constructivists. Some of them are merely ugly, but there are others which achieve a surprising beauty which seems wrested, as it were, from forms which in themselves promise nothing; as though the artists who constructed them had gone forth resolutely into an ugly world and, scorning any escape, had demanded that it yield up to them some loveliness. One cannot, of course, judge very surely of the effectiveness of any theatrical setting without seeing upon it the action for which it was designed, but, to take a single example, the block-stage would, we fancy, fit admirably the requirements of any play which possessed an abstract austerity corresponding to its forms. Here amid the uncompromising outlines of its masses which seem to suggest the immovable weight of our industrial civilization might be acted some stark tragedy of industrialism—the story of a commercial King Lear or of some proletarian Antigone. Granted a sufficient elevation of tone, no play needs realism; but it does need some mise-en-scène which will fit its mood. The Greeks thought in terms of slender columns and graceful capitals; a section at least of the world today thinks in terms less serenely beautiful, and if from that section should come our great play it must have a setting like itself.

For Whose Benefit?

ON February 25 a Washington dispatch reported that "with more than half a dozen Senators barricading themselves behind cloakroom doors, the Senate was unable tonight to obtain the quorum necessary to decide whether the Navajo Indians are to be taxed $106,630 for the construction of bridges from which, it was admitted, they will not benefit."

The proposed appropriation, along with $100,000 furnished by the State of Arizona, will be used mainly to build a bridge across the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry, Arizona. The first-named sum would seem a modest one were it not that the measure calling for it provides that it shall be reimbursed to the government from Navajo Indian funds obtained through the sale of oil on the Navajo Reservation, which extends westward as far as the Colorado River. One hundred thousand dollars is certainly a good deal of money for the Navajos to pay unless the bridge is to benefit them greatly. Secretary Work says that it will—that it

> will furnish an important outlet for the Navajo Indians, facilitating their communication with the whites, and assisting them in their progress to a more advanced civilization. . . . In view of the fact that they will derive great benefit from the proposed bridge, estimated to equal the benefit which will be derived by the white settlers, it would be reasonable that the $100,000 . . . remain a charge upon the lands and funds of these Indians until paid.

The American Indian Defense Association, unwilling to take Secretary Work's word for this, has investigated the matter and published its conclusions. The bridge will furnish the Navajos an outlet into a region which has never interested them and never will do so. If they want to cross the river after deer they can use the existing ferry. More than that they scarcely will desire, since the regions of Arizona and Utah which lie opposite this portion of their reservation—the thinliest populated portion of all—are the least occupied inhabitable regions of the United States. The few whites who happen to be there are notorious for their hostility to the Piute Indians of southern Utah, and only three years ago "civilized" Old Chief Posey and his band with a lynching party. The advantages to Navajo trade will be nil. Salt Lake City, which the bridge will make accessible to the reservation, is from six to ten times further away than the trading posts southward along the Santa Fé Railway—Flagstaff, Holbrook, and Gallup. And finally, the Navajos need this $100,000, payment of which will exhaust their annual revenue from oil, for their fight against trachoma, from which a third of them suffer, for the digging of more wells to supply their sheep, for the improvement of their roads, and for the education of their children, most of whom have no schools to go to.

Who will benefit by the bridge? Automobile tourists between Salt Lake City and the Grand Canyon, between the Santa Fé route and the various northern trails, and between the national parks north and south will be excellently served, and possibly it is well that they should be. But no discoverable good will be done the Indians, most of whose accumulated capital will thus be wiped out. It seems plain enough that the burden should fall upon the tourists themselves through taxes, upon the national park system, and upon the State of Arizona. It is to be hoped that Congress will refuse to further Secretary Work's grotesque proposal.

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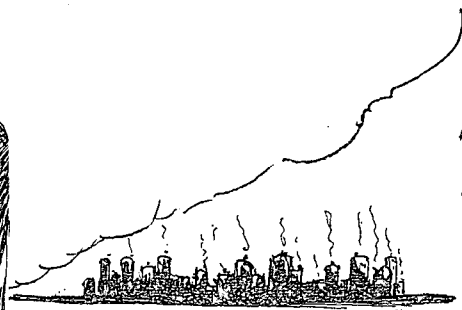
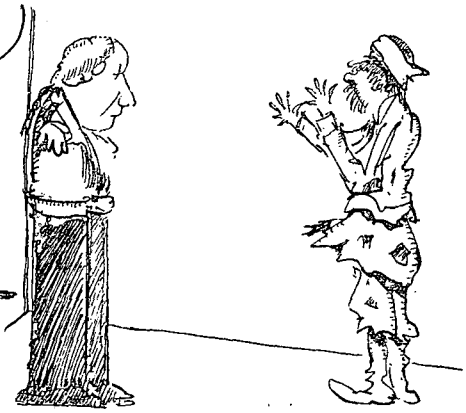
The Universe, Inc. By H. v. L.

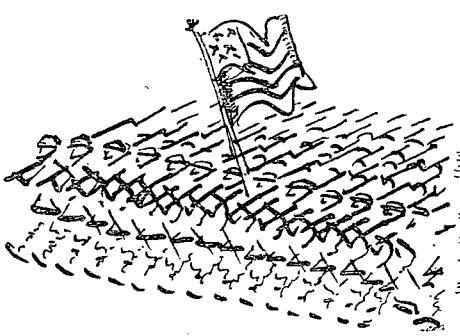
At the class dinner I met Bill Whoozis and he was delighted to see me. "I wish you'd come and see me," he said, "I mean it. Come and see me! Only remember one thing, old Hank, you were always too darn much of a radical anyway.



—Now, remember, I live in one of those simple towns on the plains where the high winds make strong men. None of your parlor socialists where I come from. So when you come just don't tell them that you work for *The Nation* and *Harper's* and the *Survey* and all that red stuff

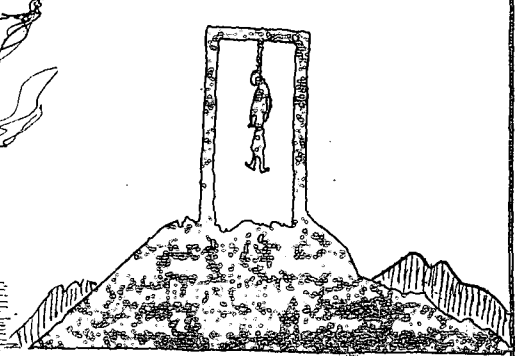


—for we are simple old-fashioned Muricans. Red-blooded fellows, and let one of your dirty Bolsheviki as much as make a face at one of our great leaders of democracy and

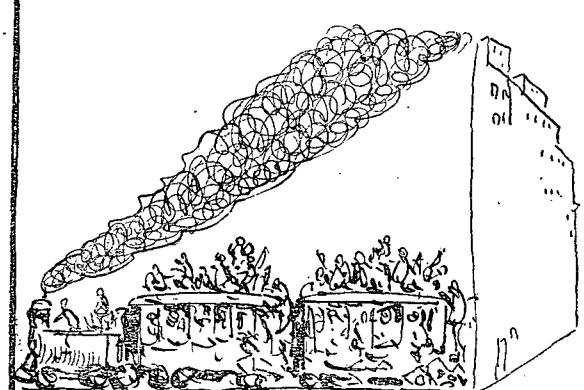


—the next day a hundred million strong-fisted he-men will be on the march

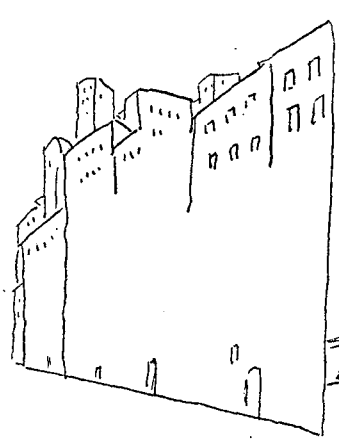
—and if it takes our last cent and our last drop of red blood and if we have to set the whole world afire to do it



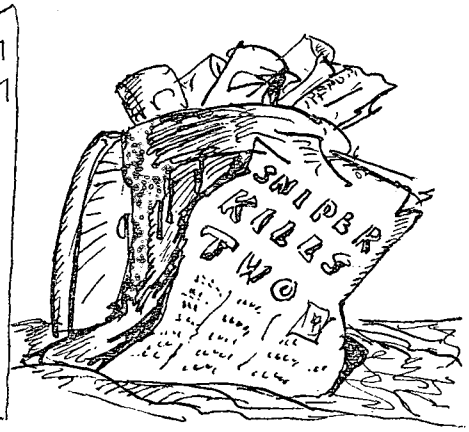
—we are going to get that fellow and hang him on the highest gallows in the land so that everybody will be warned that they can't start nothing with us. So come and see me and behave yourself and there is a good fellow."



And so a few months later I got me ready to go to this town of virile men. But when about a thousand miles away I began to meet an endless procession of hurrying trains, horribly overloaded with panic-stricken humanity.



And when I finally reached my destination, behold, every man, woman, and child was gone. "Aha," I said to myself, "the great crusade has started. The army of righteousness has gone forth to battle for Jehovah." And then



—I turned a corner and there in a neglected ash-can lay a three-day-old newspaper. And I had my answer.

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Financing Italy's Madness

By JAMES MURPHY

I

THE discussion of the Italian debt in the United States offers a tempting opportunity to bring out some facts in regard to Fascist finance. Last July the Fascist Government dropped Minister Di Stefani from the Ministry of Finance and put Count Volpi in his place. The gesture was significant. The previous fall Di Stefani had approached London bankers on the question of a loan, but had failed. Thereupon the Fascists decided to turn to the United States. Volpi was chosen as head of the delegation which was to go to Washington. He is the tool of the industrialists and the bankers—particularly of the dominating financial group, the Banca Commerciale. He has never shown any large capacity in the field of national finance, but has appeared as a shrewd and sharp negotiator in commercial and financial deals.

The Banca Commerciale and the Credito Italiano are the two leading banking groups in Italy. Between them they hold the hegemony of Italian finance and therefore control the industrialists. The Banca Commerciale was originally introduced by some German finance agents into Italy. It commenced with a capital of less than half a million dollars; but it has now earned a huge fortune and has become one of the strongest international financial institutions in existence. It has much wider international interests than the Credito Italiano and it has made its chief aim the control of the Fascist Government. That control is now practically complete; for Volpi may be looked upon as the receiver for the Banca Commerciale, installed in the Ministry of Finance. On the Washington delegation Mario Alberti represented the Credito Italiano.

What were Volpi's instructions when he set out for the United States? He was told to come back with a loan at any cost. That was the object of his visit. The settlement of the debt was envisaged merely as a preliminary necessity to the securing of a loan. Volpi was ordered to accept any debt-settlement terms whatsoever, but to strive to make the payments as low as possible for a period of five or ten years. It has appeared strange to many that Italy showed herself so ready all of a sudden, about twelve months ago, to arrange for the payment of her foreign war debts. The thesis originally held was that these debts were not really due and that anyhow Italy could never pay them. That is still the thesis of the official Fascist propagandists. In 1922 Mr. Bonar Law offered practically to cancel Italy's debt to England for a consideration that was a mere bagatelle. But the Italians refused even to part with the bagatelle. Why do they now agree to pay almost the full amount not only to America but also to England? The answer is that these settlements are not undertaken in the interests of the country but in the interests of the banking concerns that back Fascism. The banks that have supported the Fascist Government require foreign gold to fill up the void created by this expense. This is a point which seems to have been missed abroad—the relation of Fascism to the financiers.

It was the banking plutocracy that originally backed the whole Fascist show. They are the impresarios. Mussolini and his troupe are merely the star turn. One incident alone is enough to show this relationship. Immediately after the declaration of Polish independence the Banca Commerciale went into some heavy speculations in that country. Then came the financial distress which was general through Europe in 1920, 1921, and 1922, and which was accentuated in Poland by the Russian war in 1920. The Banca Commerciale, finding itself unable to release its capital in Poland, turned to the Fascist Government, with the result that the scandalous Polish loan was arranged in the spring of 1924. According to the terms of the loan the capital sum was to be $20,000,000, at interest of 7 per cent. The loan was issued at 89, and to the Banca Commerciale was granted the sole right of issue. The Italian treasury guaranteed the loan and the Banca Commerciale thus received eight points of the eighty-nine simply for its trouble in saying good morning to the public and taking in their money. Poland was to receive only 81 per cent of the 89 paid up and that 81 per cent was to be spent in Italy. In other words, the Banca Commerciale was to hold all the cash on behalf of Poland. Not only that, but it must have made a neat profit of something like 18 per cent for the trouble of receiving the money which the unfortunate Italian public paid the bank to replace its foolish investments abroad—at least three million dollars.

I have mentioned the foregoing because it would be impossible to understand the Fascist war-debt policy unless one knew something of the forces that are at work behind the scenes. When the financial crash comes only the populace will suffer; for it is with the people's savings that the banking plutocracy works. Whether it be peace or war, prosperity or poverty, the financial wire-pullers who now have Italy at their mercy will make money. It is in their interests that the state budget has been faked. The purpose of the faking was to make Americans believe that the Fascist regime had restored economic and financial prosperity to Italy and was therefore worthy of financial support. As a matter of fact, the present economic and financial conditions of Italy are appalling to anyone who knows the country from the inside and knows how the government departments are run. Outstanding debts and disbursements are buried away in the ledgers of the several ministries without ever appearing in the state budget. The Fascists have introduced what they call the system of deferred debits, which means that the Government spends a billion dollars, for instance, on public works in one year and merely debits a twelfth of it on the state budget. The deferred debits which have piled up in this way since the Fascists came into power amount now to about twenty milliard lire, nearly $1,000,000,000. But that is only one item. Nobody knows what the extent of the floating debt now is. There is no parliamentary control and no trustworthy figures are published; but the orgy of spending goes on. Almost every day new orders-in-council allocate grants to one Fascist undertaking after another and the allocation is entered in the accounts of whatever ministry

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may appear convenient at the moment. Thus the expenses of the national militia, which now reaches a total of 330,000 armed men in the service, are scattered among the ledgers of the Ministry of the Interior, the Ministry of War, and the state railway department.

A favorite means of fabricating accounts is to unload state expenses onto the municipal budgets. It is particularly interesting to note that a recent decree lays the expenses of "preventive incarceration" on the municipalities. In Fascist Italy this item of expense has been growing by leaps and bounds. There is no habeas corpus, and preventive incarceration means that the Fascist police arrest anybody pointed out as against the regime, throw him into jail, and leave him there, without even bringing a charge against him.

II

Are the American bankers aware of the purposes which their loans to Italy are destined to serve?[1] It hardly seems possible; I think the bankers would be shrewd enough not to put money into a concern which they knew was being driven headlong to ruin. Let me take a few instances of the allocations which are already being made of the American loan.

The Fascist press has informed the public that $40,000,000 of the loans which are to be raised in the United States as a result of the debt settlement will be spent in the creation of Imperial Rome. We may presume that the Roman municipality will give some sort of mortgage as collateral for the money. But of what value is a mortgage on Rome today? The municipality is so hopelessly in debt that it does not matter what further obligations it assumes. You may put a mortgage on the Pantheon or on the Colosseum; but when you come to foreclose where will you find a buyer? You cannot mortgage the municipal income; for the simple reason that the outlay far exceeds it and there is not a further item left to be taxed. At the present moment Rome is being run, and run to ruin, by one Filippo Cremonesi, who is governor. He is popularly known as *Pippo Pappa*, a phrase of unsavory significance. I have already called attention in *The Nation* to some of his more glaring depredations. The wild scheme for the extension of the city was outlined by Mussolini in an outburst which he made at the Capitol on New Year's Eve when Pippo was being installed as governor of the city:

> Rome must become the wonder of all the peoples of the earth. Vast, ordered, and powerful as it was in the days of the first empire of Augustus. Within five years the Pantheon and the Piazza Colonna will be connected by a great avenue. From the profane and parasitic structures surrounding them you will free the majestic temples of Christian Rome. The millenary monuments of our history must tower majestically in their becoming solitude. And then the third Rome will embrace other hills and will extend along the banks of the sacred stream even to the shores of the Mediterranean. A direct highway, which will be the longest and broadest in the world, will bring the surging force of Mare Nostrum from the resurrected Ostia to the heart of the city where the Unknown Hero watches.

Since the distance from Rome to Ostia is less than fifteen miles, it is difficult to see how the great highway thither can be "the longest in the world." But that is a typical example of the present madness. It is to encourage and propagate this folly that forty millions of good American dollars are now being sent across the Atlantic.

The people in Rome are taxed so heavily that life is fast becoming impossible for the middle and working classes. There is not a head of cabbage sold in marketplace or store that is not taxed—nor a potato, nor a pound of beans, nor a pair of boots, nor a suit of clothes. The visitor sees nothing of these burdens which the people have to bear. More than 48 per cent of the municipal taxes are levied on the necessities of life. Naturally the system hits the middle classes and the poor particularly; and I know civil servants who hitherto lived decent lives but who are now trying to exist on one meal a day and whose families are able to eat meat only once a week. That is what the present conditions in Rome are costing; and what will they cost when the people are called upon to pay for the new *Roma Imperiale*?

The point, however, to bear in mind is that not a penny of the loan in question will be spent in the reconstruction of Rome. There is no municipal council at present. The city is being managed by a dictator. The accounts are kept secret, so that there is no control. It will be an easy matter for the city to give guaranties; but the money will be passed over to the Fascist banks to pay back the huge advances that have been already made.

The Fascist papers (*Gazzetta del Popolo*, January 17, for instance) also inform us that there will be a loan of $20,000,000 for the Public Utility Credit Institute, which, though a state institution, is really controlled by the Banca Commerciale.[2] Of this twenty million, twelve are to be allocated to the Societa Idroelettrica Piemonte, generally known as the "S. I. P." This corporation includes several dependencies, most of which are engaged in constructing and managing hydro-electric power and lighting plants. The purpose of developing these plants now is to make Italy independent of foreign coal; so that she will be able to carry on wars without the cooperation of British or American or German coal miners. But, in my opinion, not a penny of the money will be spent in new plants. Its final destination will be the same as that of the money to be loaned to Rome. A mortgage on the property of the S. I. P. is to be granted; but of what use is that to the foreigner? The state does not guarantee the loan. The other eight millions of the twenty-million-dollar loan are to be spent in hydro-electric plants in central and southern Italy.

Another loan spoken of in the papers is that of $5,000,000 to the Turin Gas Corporation. This body controls several chemical factories which are now engaged in the manufacture of chemical products for use in modern high explosives. But here again it is inconceivable that the money will actually be spent on the concern, except in so far as it will be necessary to purchase raw materials

[1] A letter to investors from the Fifth Avenue office of the Guarantee Company of New York contains the following statements concerning economic conditions in Italy and the purposes for which the present loan will be used: "Since 1922 Italy's budgetary situation has shown steady improvement. For the year ended June 30, 1925, revenues exceeded expenditures by 209 million lire. . . . Recent official reports show an actual surplus of more than 200 million lire for the first six months of the current fiscal year. . . . The Government proposes to hold the entire amount of this loan as a gold reserve for currency stabilization purposes, and has resources and revenues available for all current requirements, both domestic and foreign. . . . In the light of these facts, the 7 per cent sinking fund gold bonds, due 1951, appear to be well secured and constitute an attractive investment. They are a direct obligation of the Italian Government."—Editor The Nation.

[2] On February 26 New York newspapers carried advertisements of this $20,000,000 issue stating that mortgages on the various hydro-electric properties to be benefited by the loan will be used as security. The issue is offered by an American financial group including the Bankers Trust Company, Stone and Webster, Bonbright and Company, and others.—Editor The Nation.

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abroad. The banks will hold the money and will expend it according to their own ideas.

Though the Fascists think themselves clever folk, they make the childish mistake of underrating the intelligence of the foreigner when they are out to pick his pocket. They have already let it be known, for instance, that the stock of the S. I. P., of which I have already spoken, is to be put on sale on the New York market. Imagine it. The Americans are asked to lend the money and then they are asked to buy the stock which is supposed to be the collateral for the money they have loaned!

One direction in which the foreign loan is certain to be spent will be in the upkeep of the Fascist press and propaganda at home and abroad. Fascism is now faced with a deficit of half-a-million dollars each month in the support of its own press. There is no other press in Italy at the moment. When the Fascists take over a newspaper the public ceases to read it and it is for this reason that such a tremendous loss is incurred in the running of the government press. In France they are spending about four million francs a month in subsidizing the French press for the purpose of publishing articles favorable to Mussolini. I do not know how much is being spent in England for a like purpose. Huge sums are being laid out in the United States, in Germany, in Hungary, in Spain, and even in Greece. The Fascists have given material support to the Macedonian bandits. They gave guns and money to Tsankoff when he prepared his coup in Bulgaria and they are backing the Hungarian revolutionary reactionaries. Of this the Fascists themselves make no secret. At the last Assembly of the League of Nations one of the Fascist delegates, Signor Coppola, made the following statement (September 16, 1925):

> The delegates of this Power (Hungary) do not seem to be sufficiently aware of the fact that their present conditions are not to be debited to the League but to the peace which followed the Great War. All wars end with terms that appear hard to those who have to submit to them; but these terms are not eternal. The vanquished have always risen up again when they have been worthy of it and when they have had the necessary moral force. *Italy hopes that the Hungarians will have this force and for these reasons she was the first to lend a hand to Hungary.*

At the last Assembly of the League of Nations (September, 1925) the Fascist delegation made no secret of the warlike intentions of Italy. They warmly canvassed the idea of annexing Austria to Italy. In order to prepare the way they have held out tempting baits to the industrialists of Styria, and Mussolini has shaken his fist across the prostrate body of South Tyrol. The present military program of the Fascists envisages a colonial war against Turkey.

To those who read the Italian press even casually it seems astonishing that people in America can be in any doubt as to the final destination of the money which they are now sending to Italy. It is for the purposes of war that this money will be spent; and the Fascist Government makes no secret of it. Let me draw attention to a few of its authoritative statements.

In Mussolini's own paper, *Il Popolo d'Italia* (December 1), the following was published on the occasion of the signing of the Locarno pact in London. The article is initialled "G. P." That is to say, it is from the hand of Deputy Polverelli, who is Mussolini's amanuensis and whose signature is recognized as the hallmark of what the Dictator has written:

> This is not the first time [says the article] that a peace treaty has been concluded. After the Napoleonic wars the principal contracting parties swore eternal peace and friendship; but that did not prevent new wars from breaking out. Anyhow perpetual peace would be immoral and iniquitous. Let us realize in a matter-of-fact way that the Locarno pact meets a temporary necessity. When private purses and state exchequers have a new abundance of gold we shall again discuss the map of Europe.

In the Roman paper *La Tribuna*, which is now an official Fascist organ, the following appeared from the pen of Francesco Coppola on January 6. Coppola was Italian delegate to the League of Nations Assembly. He is the literary spokesman of Federzoni and the whole nationalist group.

> If Italy does not wish to follow the course that fatally leads to ruin and slavery, she must possess herself of *her own* raw materials and *her own* lands for the purpose of colonization, it being understood that these will be outside of Europe, that is to say *colonies:* a colonial empire like France and England. The consciousness of this historic and unquestionable necessity makes up the true essence of Italian imperialism.

The same writer happens to be editor of the official nationalist review *La Politica*. In volume LXX of that review, published December 20, he was even more explicit about Italy's warlike intentions. Let it be remembered that what Coppola writes here is the belief of the people who have the Government of Italy in their hands today—the Fascist representatives of the industrialists and the bankers. Coppola reviews the question of "Italy's vital necessity"—the acquisition of colonies as an outlet for her excess population, especially in view of the bars against immigration set up by other nations. He continues:

> In what direction then can Italy look for her industrial development and the means of supporting her too many children? It is true that Italian industry has been developing with a powerful urge; and, now that the post-war economic and social crisis has been overcome and that discipline and national energy have been restored, our industries are in full bloom. But the present state of affairs cannot cloak the vital reality. For it is well known that the present development of our industries is partly due to the devaluation of our money, and that is a condition of affairs which, for other reasons, we cannot wish or believe to be lasting. The industry of a country without raw materials has natural limits which are not very wide and which can be easily reached but not passed over. This is the national deficiency that is becoming burdensome. At the present moment France refuses to give us raw iron. Tomorrow, if she can establish with Germany a metallurgical trust on the Rhine, she will impose on us a monopolistic price for her iron. Profiting by the peace treaties, England had already imposed on us her monopolistic prices for coal. Moreover, the same England, together with the British Empire, the United States, and even conquered Germany, has practically closed its markets to our exportation with its new protectionist tariffs. From all this we have the fatal result of a serious disequilibrium in our commercial balance. We are actually forced to send an annual sum abroad of four milliards of lire for grain alone and two milliards for coal, not to count iron and the rest. And this disequilibrium, in its turn, gives the foreigner the opportunity of making these violent attacks on the lire, like that against which we had to defend ourselves last summer and which are destined

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perilously to depress our economic conditions so as to favor foreign competition and even the bringing of foreign political pressure to bear upon us. We are face to face with a true and proper economic servitude which cannot do otherwise than translate itself into a political servitude also. Now, in such conditions it would be dangerous to delude ourselves into thinking that Italian industry can go on developing in proportion to the increase in the population or to close our eyes to the threatening import of the consequences that will affect the political liberty of Italy. It is clear therefore that although a real unemployment phenomenon does not exist in Italy at the moment, we are running the risk of having within some years—and perhaps not many years—a formidable unemployment crisis with corresponding misery, which might have grave social consequences for Italy, in the first place, and also for Europe.

That is the great Italian problem which will not brook postponement. To it we must add that of our strategic freedom in the Mediterranean, which is a problem not less grave, and that of Italian nationality which in more than one point of the Mediterranean is in serious peril. But let us confine ourselves to the first and greatest problem. If she does not wish blindly to continue on the road to ruin and servitude, it is clear that Italy *must* lay hands on raw material which will be *her own*, and lands of *her own* for purposes of colonization, it being understood that this is to take place outside of Europe. It is not less clear that nobody is going to cede us these things gratuitously. Therefore, if we are not ready one day to perish, we shall be forced to *seize* them. And to *seize* them necessarily and in the first place means a modification of the present map of the Mediterranean and in general the extra-European imperial map. And this change must necessarily come *through an act of force*, even though that need not necessarily be directed against one of the great European Powers, which, it is to be hoped, will have the good sense not to place themselves blindly across the path of the irresistible and vital historic necessities of Italy.

All the italics in the quotations I have made from Coppola are his own. One might multiply examples of warlike pronouncements on the part of responsible leaders almost indefinitely. There is not a day that the Fascist papers are not teeming with them. A war must be entered on by the summer or autumn. That is an utter necessity for the Fascist regime. The regime arose out of extraordinary conditions and it cannot endure if Europe should return to a normal life of peace. Therefore it is necessary that the disturbed and abnormal conditions should continue. All the talk about getting colonies may be sincere enough from the nationalist point of view; but I know several Fascist leaders who are quite convinced that Italy will lose whatever war she engages in, simply because her soldiers will not fight for the maintenance of the present regime. Then disaster will be heaped upon disaster; but the Fascist gang will have made their pile and will clear out. To the bringing about of that eventuality the American money-lenders are cheerfully contributing today.

Free Speech in China

By HARRY F. WARD

THE Chinese attitude on free speech is different from that of the West. There it is not an abstract principle to be worshiped on state occasions but an ancient custom, an accepted way of adjusting things. Even family disputes are not infrequently composed on the street in a gathering of neighbors, by the help of the town-meeting method. Therefore in China one is spared that hypocritical phrase, "I believe in free speech, but—." Without any cant about it, the Chinese practice free speech as a method of working out the rule of reason in every function of life.

Nevertheless, China has its own limitations to free speech and, as in other spheres, Western methods are rapidly being adopted. The title of one of the lectures in a series to be given at one of the Chinese universities contained the word "communism." On this point an interview was requested by the administrator responsible for the course, in order that he might assure himself that the attitude of the lecturer would not arouse violent antagonism from the left-wing section of the students. He apologized for this necessity. "It is humiliating to me," he said, "because we are supposed to have absolutely free speech. But not long since in another part of the country a student who attacked communism in a college meeting was pulled from the platform and got killed in the fight that followed. We would not like to have any embarrassment with a foreign lecturer." At another university the professor who had interpreted the lecture remarked afterward, "Of course, *you* can say these things, but it is not so easy for us. A young lawyer who took up the cause of labor in this section three years ago was shot by the military governor and he said no more than you." In still another university the question of free speech came up with a faculty group. "Yes," they said, "there is free speech in China, but if you want to get home safely we would not advise you to go out on the street and make a speech against Dr. Sun Yat-sen [he had recently died] or to attack our local militarists in a public meeting."

China is notoriously a land of opposites. So along with a genuine democracy in the management of a great deal of life by discussion and agreement there has existed also arbitrary executive power. The exercise of this power in the repression of free speech has recently been accentuated by the rise of the militarists, with their foreign backers, also by the natural opposition of both these elements to the growing Chinese labor movement and to the propaganda of the Communists. The issue of free speech is thus joined in China in the most modern fashion. It first comes to a head in the universities. The issue of academic freedom is more than academic. University administrators are in politics in a more vital sense than with us. They are concerned with more than appropriations. They have a recognized responsibility for national policies, for the scholar has played an honorable part in Chinese government and the intellectuals are a political force to a degree unknown in the West.

Hence the academic world is much more exercised than it has been in the West by the discovery that the political authorities are beginning to practice espionage upon the professors. The head of a Chinese university told me how astonished he was recently, when visiting on official business a friend in the Government, to have his movements for the day recounted. "But I was particular," he said, "to

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notice that no one was following me." "Yes, but did you not see a peanut vendor at your gate?" "Yes, and I wondered why he was there all day, because I never eat peanuts." Yet that was a time-honored Oriental method of espionage. The numerous kinds of vendors on the streets of Chinese cities offer the authorities an easy means of securing information. It is less obvious, cheaper, and probably much more accurate than our clumsy under-cover system. Today in Peking there is a regular method of police reports on public meetings. It was introduced a few years since by some Chinese administrator who had studied in Japan.

The Chinese educators who organized the National University supposed that they had safeguarded academic freedom by making it a self-governing body, combining the best features of English and Continental universities. It has its own police force, and is responsible for the maintenance of order within its own grounds, where the government constabulary are not supposed to enter. Recently, however, its prerogatives have been encroached upon. The Minister of Education issued an edict requiring authorities of government universities to stop Communist organization meetings, on the basis of a police report that the librarian of the National University had held such a meeting. This was an admission that secret police had been operating on the campus. This invasion of university rights is part of a long struggle between the Ministry of Education and the National University over appropriations, and it involves numerous political complications. In the course of it the acting Minister of Education was rather roughly handled by an angry delegation of students. There ensued a police order which in itself evidences the Chinese sense of justice. Locating responsibility by implication, it forbade the teachers' union to meet to discuss politics, but permitted meetings to discuss salary arrears. A little later the Minister prohibited the students in Peking from parading on Humiliation Day, which commemorates the Twenty-one Demands of Japan. On that occasion his house was stormed and a student was killed. Behind all this is the basic antagonism of the nationalist section of the students toward the present Peking Government.

It is significant that no Chinese authority has attempted to suppress the students' union or interfere with its meetings. The union established its prestige and power at the time of the Japanese Twenty-one Demands and was really responsible for the defeat of that policy. Lately the students' strike has been used for all sorts of trivial purposes and educational authorities generally expect one just before examinations. Since the World War students' strikes have been accompanied by a good deal of rowdyism, and occasionally college administrators have been bombarded with ink-pots and other academic missiles or have been beaten in the course of an altercation with students. All such trivialities, however, have for the present disappeared before the cleansing force of the Shanghai incident, which has made the students' union again a power in the Nationalist movement. This incident was, at the bottom, a free-speech fight. Suffering mill workers had no way to express their grievances. Students who sympathized with them were likewise muzzled. They were forbidden by the law of the International Settlement, where thousands of them lived and studied, to parade, carry banners, or hold meetings. Permits for processions were granted only for funerals or weddings. They were refused on the great national holiday and at the time of the funeral of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the students' hero. The atmosphere of repression, out of which came the shooting that will mark a turning-point of history, was well revealed by the speech of the prosecutor at the students' trial. This utterance was painfully familiar to those who had been in the United States in the days of Mitchell Palmer's brief glory. "The trouble," he said, "really started in a Bolshevist university." He would show the court that the case "was in fact pure bolshevism and nothing else." One of the documents to be offered was "a letter from a Bolshevist party in Germany." Such of the printed matter seized in the university as was put into evidence proved to be handbills and letters calling upon employees of the water-works and the electrical departments to strike; also urging chauffeurs, tramway men, ricksha coolies to join the strike. When foreign police and volunteers were sent out to remove such handbills and posters from the walls interesting complications occurred. In their ignorance of Chinese they tore down innocent advertisements, thus offending the Chinese merchants, whom the foreigners were anxious to conciliate; at the same time they left many of the offending posters untouched, because the students had cut the municipal seal from official proclamations and pasted it on their own.

At that particular time the Chinese residents of the International Settlement were reacting against another bit of attempted repression. Partly to defeat a proposed child-labor ordinance and partly from an inherent tendency, there was proposed a press law requiring the name and address of the printer on every piece of printed matter. The penalty for violation was about three times as big as that assessed against the child-labor law. Thus inevitably in China the link is being forged that in all other countries draws intellectuals who care for free speech into connection with the labor movement, for it is labor that gets repressed and it is in the labor struggle that the question of whether free speech lives or dies will be decided. It was the students' interest in the rights of labor that brought them into conflict with the authorities.

Theoretically, in China labor has the right to organize, although it is not specifically established in the law. That right is assumed under the clause of the constitution which proclaims, with some slight exceptions, liberty to call meetings and to organize societies. There is also another clause which specifically proclaims freedom of speech, press, and assemblage except as definitely limited by the law—and the limitations are immaterial. Thus while labor lacks specific legal recognition until China gets a labor code, it is in practice unmolested except and until the military authorities come under foreign influence. While the Chinese law does not recognize the right to strike or to incite to strike, there is an increasing record of successful strikes; and in Shanghai and Hankow student leadership has had not a little to do with it.

In the foreign settlements, of course, there is rigid repression of labor organization. So all meetings must be held and all printing done in the neighboring Chinese cities, and all distribution of printed matter and organizing must be carried on secretly. Also the foreign authorities are able to extend their policy of repression to officials of neighboring Chinese communities. In Chinese Canton, last Labor Day, celebration, of course, was free and untrammeled, both for right and left wings. But foreign Shanghai not only forbade parades in its own streets but persuaded the authorities of the Chinese city to do likewise.

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Foreigners are also teaching the Chinese the technique of industrial espionage. A foreign railway official recently showed a friend of mine a picture album of men described by him as Chinese labor agitators, who, he said, "have recently come back to this section." Later he informed my friend that three of them were safely in jail and it was noticeable that during the strike in that city the police picked those who were arrested with evident discrimination.

Labor leaders in China take a risk of more than a jail sentence. When Wu Pei-fu was previously in power in Central China there was a railroad strike at Hankow. Some forty men came down from Peking to assist. Outside the city the train was stopped and these men were taken out and shot, without trial. The lawyer who was the real leader of the strikers had before this been arrested and shot after what was nothing more than a drumhead court martial. He had previously been active in organizing and leading to a successful conclusion a strike of another set of workers, and in foreign circles—where the governor's action was highly approved, and from which it was in some degree incited—all that was ever alleged against him was his labor activities, with the usual supplement, that he made money out of it. When the recent national strike broke the leading English paper of that section printed a cut of the grave of this man, with its headstone carrying in Chinese its inscription concerning the reason for his death. Over it was a headline warning other strike leaders. Later the same paper vociferously commended the strong action taken by the Chinese authorities against strike leaders, quoting orders to shoot without hesitation any workers who became obstreperous and to shoot on sight three men known by name to the Chinese authorities who were described as paid Bolshevik agents and the real inciters of the strike. This order, the paper went on to say, would do more to get men back to work than long and windy arguments. This is the sort of thing that many foreigners mean by a "strong, stable government."

The student movement is increasingly conscious of the risks it is taking in joining with labor in the demand for free speech. It is increasingly aware that the issue has to be fought out on the economic field. The students are also learning that they are dealing with a world-wide movement, and the influences which are at work elsewhere in the world to repress freedom can be counted upon to complete their education.

Cooking Without a Cookbook

By MARGARETE MUNSTERBERG

COOKING is not a science, but an art. And an art is acquired by long practice, rather than learned. For all learning is at bottom theoretical—even if it is learning how to scrub floors. After learning you "know how," but after practice the knowing is turned into doing, eventually into habitual doing or instinctive skill.

Theoretical training as a starting-point, however, should not be disparaged. On the contrary, no amount of learning can hinder an art. Philology is excellent training for a poet, though no amount even of grammar and rhetoric will make him one. Cookbooks, which are the textbooks of theoretical courses in cookery, are necessary for acquiring a foundation and are also useful in providing stimulus. But the test of inspiration will always be the desire to cook without a cookbook. In making this statement, I must except the field of baking. Baking is in every case an exact science, governed by the laws of chemical combination. Not until the cake has been taken out of the oven and has become a subject for frosting and decoration may science be left behind and imagination unfold its wings.

In the art of cookery, as in those arts generally designated as "higher," there is the creative urge. Anyone who really likes to cook has felt it. The other day at the fish market I was hesitating between a fish to broil and a piece of salmon to boil. Though the superiority of fish broiled in its own briny juice was obvious, I could not resist a vision of a salmon deluged in a smooth, delicately seasoned sauce with finely chopped egg sprinkled over it. I took the salmon for the sake of realizing the vision, as the creative urge was upon me.

The test of cooking is, after all, the sauce. Critical foreign visitors to our shores have a saying that in America you find many kinds of meat and one sauce, whereas in France you find one kind of meat and many sauces. This reflects on American cookery. For the variety of meat depends on the purchasing power of the householder, but the variety of sauces depends on the genius of the cook.

And, in contrast to the sentiment of the poet who said: "I am the spendthrift spirit of poesy!" the more art there is in the concoction of sauces, the more economical the process. This is true only, of course, within the limits of normal conditions, when there is no scarcity of the fundamentals such as butter, eggs, and milk. But ordinarily the inventive talent leads to economy. A ragout, with its pungent or stealthy flavors, made of some humble cut of beef or of remnants from the roasts of yesterdays is more distinguished and at the same time less costly than a new roast or steak. Yet a ragout of remnants must not appear "made over," any more than a last season's dress altered into a modish gown should betray its age.

Such a metamorphosis as a left-over roast reappearing as a ragout is by no means a "camouflage." It does not pretend to be anything that it is not, for it is an altogether new creation. And, if the cook is really inspired, it may even represent a higher stage in the process of transmigration.

Yet inspiration and skill are not the portion of everybody. With the materials given, the great point is how to use them. We remember the pipe to which Hamlet likens himself.

> HAMLET: 'Tis as easy as lying; govern these vantages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.
>
> GUILDENSTERN: But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

A poet of my acquaintance was teased because he used a rhyming dictionary. "You take my rhyming dictionary," he said in return, "and see if you can write my poetry." Thus the inspired cook may challenge you to use her cookbook and see if you can make the same ragout.

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Sometimes the effectiveness of a dish is due not so much to culinary skill as to some happy trick of satisfying four out of five senses and at the same time stimulating the imagination. I remember a family whose domestic peace was for a time almost wrecked by "peaches with cream." The father of the family, on his return from a business trip to New York, many years ago, talked with enthusiasm about an excellent new dessert that he had enjoyed in a hotel which is now no more. This dish consisted of sliced peaches with heavy unwhipped cream poured over them and was called "peaches with cream." Thereupon the wife burst into tears and declared that he had had the very same thing at home any number of times and had never deigned to notice it. This ingratitude became a sore topic in the family and the very mention of "peaches with cream" was like a red cape to the bull. The case was simply one of the imagination suddenly stimulated.

Every art, even the highest, reaches its goal through the senses; therefore all arts have something in common. For that reason it is not presumptuous to draw a parallel between the art of cooking and the art of literature which has its threefold expression—the epic, the dramatic, and the lyric. There is also epic, dramatic, and lyric cooking.

Those who are by nature epic cooks—that is, those who enjoy the long, leisurely process and like to see a smooth creation slowly emerge out of chaos—will turn preferably to baking and to the making of pies and pastries. They have long patience and will give painstaking devotion to their task and will slowly roll out a pie crust, like a tale that is told. Their labor is the proverbial one-tenth inspiration and nine-tenths perspiration, but the fruits of their labor are comparatively lasting.

Those who have the dramatic vein, on the other hand, delight in tense situations and hair-breadth escapes. The dramatic cook is in her element as she deftly makes a pancake leap, as she controls the omelet that almost burns, the cheese soufflé that almost drops, the sizzling bacon that must be steered between the Scylla of the underdone English style and the Charybdis of a black cinder.

Finally there are the lyric cooks, those who find expression for their inmost and quite individual sense of fitness and taste in the concoction of soups and sauces. One drop more or less of the oil of gladness may perfect a salad dressing. Seasoning and spice, extracts of vanilla and the quintessential juices of fruits are to the culinary lyricist what words are to the poet—means of conveying the most delicate shades of expression.

To the truly individual cook the nameless sauce will be a more stimulating creation than one labeled with a high-sounding French name and prescribed by the cook-book. And even as a poet can create a gem out of apparent trifles, so the lyric cook does not hesitate to make soups and sauces with almost nothing as foundation—water in which spinach or cauliflower has been boiled, the juice of fish or fowl, which undergo the alchemy of good cooking.

The story is well known of the poet Heine who compared his art to that of a fashionable tailor whose custom it was to make no charges at all for the material, considering only his inimitable makemanship worthy of compensation. So the poet considered the mere material of his priceless songs as worthless or indifferent. In the same way, by one who has the lyric gift of cooking, the most indifferent or apparently worthless substance may be turned into a concoction of great charm.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter frequently feels lonely. His associates entertain such positive views on the social flux which we call civilization. They will diagnose for him a world disease and present a cure any hour in the day—so omniscient is their knowledge, so confident their logic. The Drifter has never been able to convince himself that his own thinking on world, or even national, problems possessed much value. He always suspects it as the offspring of his own prejudices and prepossessions. He takes refuge, therefore, behind the doubt of a true historian. Skepticism is his constant attitude of mind. His associates on the other hand seem to agree with a certain friend of the feminine gender who, becoming exasperated with the Drifter's continuous questionings of her beliefs, exclaimed: "Well, I am glad I am not historically minded, for I want to know something definite, even if it isn't true."

* * * * *

THE state of perpetual doubt in which the Drifter dwells saves him from mental perturbation. When all around him are overpowered by hysteria he is able to maintain a calm which gives him a sense of superiority very comforting to his *amour propre*. All America rushes frantically into the war mania, fearful lest the Hunnish minions of Satan may lord it over the world. The Drifter is unaffected; the historian in him is uppermost; and he does not know which outcome will bring the world nearest the millennium, the triumph of the Allies or the victory of the Germans. He does not expect much good will result in either event. He wonders whether his own country is not making a portentous mistake in taking a part in the struggle.

* * * * *

HISTORICAL-MINDEDNESS has made it possible for the Drifter to hear with serenity the succession of after-war evils about which the editors of his favorite weekly grow so disturbed. Like them, he disapproves of intolerance and illiberality, but his knowledge of history has accustomed him to these phenomena. So he cultivates his flowers instead of his passions when he hears of the persecution of the Reds, the curbing of free speech, the atrocities of the Ku Klux Klan, and other encroachments upon the rights of free Americans.

* * * * *

SELDOM does the Drifter meet people with the true historical mind, not even when he seeks those circles where students of the past congregate. They, too, harbor certitudes, they, too, have their pet verities. He finds few with whom he can hold an amiable conversation. Take the subject of Cal Coolidge. Radicals can get together and have an hilarious jamboree at the expense of the Inarticulate One. Democrats can easily find other Democrats to bemoan the perversion of public opinion, while Republicans cannot walk abroad without stumbling against someone with whom to rejoice over the presence in the White House of the stalwart champion of righteousness, economy, and big business. In all these crowds the Drifter finds himself ill at ease. Other viewpoints than these orthodox ones occur to him. Is it not possible that for a democracy there is in silent Cal the same value that David Harum discovered in fleas for a dog? Who can tell?

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

From the Strike Field

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This is to express my appreciation of your courtesy in publishing a note from me with regard to the situation among the miners in the anthracite strike region. That note mentioned Mrs. Jacob Waring, of Plymouth, Pennsylvania, as one to whom contributions of money or clothes might be sent for relief of people in want in this section.

The effectiveness of this appeal is a proof of the character of the clientele of *The Nation*. As a result of that one note, Mrs. Waring received more than $40 in money and something like forty parcels of clothing. Contributions came from as far south as Richmond and from as far west as San Francisco.

Mrs. Waring and a number of other workers in this section have expressed to me very earnestly their appreciation of what you and your subscribers have done for them. If you could see some of the half-clothed children in these mining towns, you would be glad to have had the privilege of cooperating in this work. Though the strike is now at an end, we should bear in mind that the men will not draw any pay before March 15. Any further contributions will be appreciated and put to good use.

Wilkes-Barre, February 18 WILLIAM E. BOHN

A Warning to Capitalists

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. J. M. Keynes, in his first article Am I a Liberal?, published October 10, 1925, in *The Nation and the Athenaeum*, says:

> The difficulty is that the capitalist leaders . . . are incapable of distinguishing novel measures for safe-guarding capitalism from what they call bolshevism. If old-fashioned capitalism was intellectually capable of defending itself, it would not be dislodged for many generations. But, fortunately for Socialists, there is little chance of this.

He adds:

> This (the Labor) party can only flourish in an atmosphere of social oppression or as a reaction against the Rule of Die-Hard.

All of which is not far from saying that the radical coins the slogans which the conservative suggests to him. Like all generalizations, this is probably unfair to both. But making every allowance for the capitalist's capacity in his immediate field of action, is it not true that he shows an amazing inaptitude for adaptation to fundamental political principles?

Dr. Moritz J. Bonn, in one of his recent articles, reprinted in the *Living Age* for February 13, 1926, speaks of "the inseparably connected problems of protecting the minority from the oppression of the majority, and protecting the majority from being throttled by a militant minority." He continues: "A profound conflict has arisen between political and economic power. While political authority has drifted into the hands of the masses, economic authority has become the possession of a few individuals."

Again, this may be going too far if applied to our country. Our militant minority is by no means always capitalistic; and economic authority can hardly be said to be in the possession of a few individuals. But the main propositions are not overdrawn. The conflict between economic and political power is on; and the capitalist appears to be as apt in the use of one as he is unprepared in the employment of the other.

Economic readjustments to fit political demands have to enter over his dead body, so to speak. He rarely anticipates by suggesting rational relief; but invites the radical penalty by resisting to the last. If he alone had to bear the penalty, it would be amusing; but since his loss is shared by all, it is tragic. He complains of overlegislation, but welcomes the cloture and denounces Senators who obstruct new legislation. He applauds our refusal to recognize Russia, and complacently contemplates the exclusion of the Countess Karolyi; but under the plea that Italians should be privileged to choose their form of government he indorses the debt settlement with a dictator who issues war threats right and left; and he lends approving ear to the propaganda of Mussolini delegates in our midst. Government ownership is regarded as a challenge to the principle of private property; but no protest is heard against the taking and holding of German private property as a pledge for the war debts of a defunct German government.

St. Louis, February 23 CHARLES NAGEL

Coolidge Relief Fund

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Now that the politicians of the Senate have rejected for a second time the nomination of Thomas F. Woodlock to the Interstate Commerce Commission a situation has arisen which the patriots of the United States cannot ignore. Mr. Woodlock has been serving his country devotedly for more than ten months, under a recess appointment after his name was rejected in March of last year. Under the law he could draw no pay without confirmation; and this painful situation must prey upon the conscience of the President, who insisted that he serve. I do not doubt that Mr. Coolidge is planning at this very moment to pay Mr. Woodlock out of his own pocket, since an ungrateful people is shirking its obligation. Commerce commissioners get $12,000 a year, and the sum due Mr. Woodlock is only a little more than ten thousand. Herewith I am inclosing one dollar, as the nucleus of a fund to reimburse and reward him, and I urge that *The Nation* act as custodian. Senator Underwood, the only Democrat who voted for confirmation, will surely act as chairman of a committee to collect money in the Senate. It would be well, as a rebuke to those who charge that Mr. Woodlock speaks for Wall Street and the railroads, to limit the amount of an individual subscription to a dollar, and to forbid any corporation gift.

New York, February 20 SILAS BENT

The Kropotkin Memorial

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In England a group of friends and admirers of Peter Kropotkin have started a fund for the commemoration of his services in the cause of human progress and in admiration for his life of sacrifice to noble ideals based on mutual aid, morality, and equality.

In 1917 after forty-one years of exile he and his wife returned to Russia, hoping to find it a land of freedom. In their haste to return he left behind him his large and valuable library of books and papers, containing a history of the ethical struggle for human liberty in which he had taken so large a part. These we have been able to transport to the old home in Moscow where he was born, now transformed into a Peter Kropotkin Museum and Library, and where his widow, Sophie Kropotkin, lives and works.

Peter Kropotkin died in 1921, finishing on his deathbed the volume on Ethics which has been published in English.

More financial help, however, is needed than England in her present impoverished condition can give, and I appeal for the support of Sophie Kropotkin and her work to our friends in the United States of America and ask them to cooperate in the Peter Kropotkin Memorial Fund, for which I am acting as treasurer. All checks should be addressed to Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson, Hull House, 800 South Halsted Street, Chicago.

Chicago, February 24 ANNE COBDEN-SANDERSON

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Books and Plays

I Shall Know

By EDA LOU WALTON

Even as I took you now I let you go,
Smiling a little in your eyes and quiet,
With no harsh gesture even to let you know
Continence in my love, or to deny it;
I give you back no vows, for vows to you
Are only as each wind is to the sea:
Something to move a passionate waste anew
Toward horizons bending fulgently.
Always, a little wondering, you'll remember
My dove-like hands wing-folded as you went,
My quiet eyes wherein no single ember
Of agony gave point to your intent;
And I, well I shall know what you can never
Be sure of, and much else besides forever.

Trotzky on Great Britain

Whither England? By Leon Trotzky. International Publishers. $1.75.

TROTZKY is a pamphleteer not an historian, a devotee of theories not a slave to facts. In this lively little book, so delightfully sprightly that its most wicked darts will cause no annoyance to those at whom they are flung, no one will find the truth either about Agadir or Black Friday, the British Communists or the Labor Ministry. An Oriental riot of fancy regarding facts and events and an impish delight in impudence and expletives, combined with a resourceful art in swashbuckling and a shrewd dialectic, make the book always entertaining and sometimes serious.

His thesis is that England, no longer the economic mistress of the world, is going down to decay through political and economic distress, and that everyone who places any social value in the Christian faith or in evolutionary processes controlled by reason and right is an enemy of mankind—especially of the British working classes. He sees no hope for anyone except through revolution, and where he has to admit reluctantly that the Russian Revolution has not been so successful as it might have been, he explains that that was owing to the backwardness of the country. The truth is that only the backwardness of the country allowed the Bolshevist Revolution. A nation organized industrially as ours is, with a society leaning at every point on international trade and contact, would be lying dead at the dyke side after a year of a Soviet administration and a Cheka. Russia alone of European nations, because of its backwardness and the surrender of its government to the peasants, could show some years of Bolshevist rule.

The substantial part of the book is a study of force as the means of social change, and in this Trotzky returns again and again to two tunes. One he plays with a jazz gleefulness. "We do not believe in force," the British Independent Labor Party has said, and Trotzky with many playful variations and much impertinent comment reminds it of the policeman and of previous revolutions (which he admits did little but rivet on the nation the tyranny of the victors). The I. L. P., however, is perfectly right in rejecting the doctrine of force. It may be, as Trotzky dogmatizes, that when we have a Labor majority carrying out in Parliament a Labor program the classes that are assailed will fight. That is an interesting subject for prophetic speculation, and whoever begins with the assumption that the British Tory Party is peculiarly devoid of respect for any law and order but its own, and is not likely to show any obedience to constitutional methods except those it manipulates, may not be far wrong. The Bolshevist and the British Tory may be found to belong to the same political family. That, however, has been discussed in Labor Party literature and finds a place in Labor Party considerations, and regarding it Trotzky has nothing to warn nor to teach us. But it is beside the mark. Unblushingly and unapologetically the Labor Party rejects revolution as the way of salvation, believes in political action, and in the event of coming into power will protect that action against either the plots of Communists or the mutinies of Tories.

The other tune, played in more sober tempo, is that the evolutionary process is marked by moments of sudden outward change, and that the years of "gradualness" are only valuable in so far as they accumulate power to effect that change. Here again Trotzky is only reiterating what British Socialists have been saying and writing for over a quarter of a century. The rise of the Labor Party to being the second party in the state is a case in point; when it is enabled to give form in the state to its constructive proposals, that will be the revolution. Russian apologists are curiously blind on this point, and one of the blindest is Trotzky himself—when he is not incurring the suspicion of his colleagues for seeing their follies. They think that resolutions, manifestos, speeches, words, imprisonment, the suppression of liberty to write and speak, the subordination by their Red Army of peoples like the Georgians make up the revolution. There they are mistaken. They may yet effect their revolution, however, and I wish they would. They have so modified their policy that they encourage us to hope that they will succeed, though every new Trotzky pamphlet shows how far they have yet to go. We did our best to help them on to right ways in London, and if they were ungrateful and continued to fulminate their vain nonsense from Moscow, we did not trouble much. We were interested in the restoration of Russia and its return, under any government it cared to tolerate, to the cooperation of European nations. Trotzky's exposition of revolution within the evolutionary process indeed cuts the ground from under his feet as a politician, at the same time that it contributes to his vim as a pamphleteer.

"Whither England?" must indeed be read as an indication of the chagrin of Bolshevist leaders against the "stupid" British working classes. For years they have supplied their tools here with money and instructions. They have not been good tools, but they have been active ones. Under our prejudices in favor of liberty they have had plenty of rope. We have not adopted the policy of imprisonment or suppression (until the present Government, to advance its own political interests far more than to protect their country, put a dozen of them in the dock). We knew our people better than that. Even when every newspaper in the country was predicting the downfall of the Moderates (as some of us are called), when the press of the world was summoned to Liverpool last September to record the triumph of the Left (as others are called), and when Moscow was awaiting the glad tidings that its money had at long last borne fruit, the Labor Party Conference inflicted upon them a defeat more humiliating than they had received at the hands of the working classes of any country in the world.

Great Britain is facing tremendous difficulties—imperial, economic, social; the old times have, indeed, gone; rivals surround us on sea and land, in east and west; the relations between capital and labor have been such as to destroy confidence and good-will, and the system of capitalism has almost swept away the pride and moral obligation in industry. Against this we have the hard and furious reaction of revolution which, were there any hope of a dawn in it, would soon come upon us. No humane man would then lift up his little finger to stave it off. But it has no such hope. The Labor movement here strives to strengthen the other reaction of social constructive transformation by the only power that we know giving prospects of success—political power used to effect economic change, to establish control over the industrial life of the nation, and to protect and promote communal well-being in a cooperative state.

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

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Plastic Form

The Art in Painting. By A. C. Barnes. Merion, Pennsylvania: Barnes Foundation Press. $6.

THE Museum of the Barnes Foundation at Merion, Pennsylvania, contains what is perhaps the richest collection of modern painting in the world, and in the present book the president of the foundation sets forth the critical organum which he has employed in his study of art. His purpose is to reduce to order the vague chaos of modern aesthetic theory by the introduction of rational analysis; the result is to provide not merely a collection of critical appreciations but a more or less sytematized method for the study of the aims and accomplishments of painters. Dissatisfied with such elusive terms as Bell's "Significant Form" and Berenson's "Tactile Values," he considers in order the various sources of satisfaction in painting, discusses their relative importance, and then in a series of comparative analyses indicates the means by which different painters have secured their effects.

Between the pseudo-classical theory that art is imitation and that extreme of the modern reaction which maintains that subject matter is totally irrelevant to painting Mr. Barnes establishes a via media by means of psychology. It is, so he says in effect, the business of the artist to represent his most fruitful reaction to the real world, but that most fruitful reaction is not his perception but his apperception, not those data which he receives in common with all who have eyes but that personal arrangement which is the result of his temperament and which constitutes his original vision. And in the case of a painter this personal vision is a vision of form or relationship which can be expressed by plastic means, by, that is to say, the arrangement of line, color, or mass in such a manner as to constitute a creative modification of reality whether the form created be chiefly a matter of two-dimensional line pattern as in the case of Botticelli, chiefly a matter of the relationships of forms in space as is usually the case of Leonardo, or, as in the case of Renoir, a more complicated series of relationships which employ line, perspective, and color for their representation. Subject matter is not entirely irrelevant, since two pictures like Titian's "Entombment" and one of Cézanne's still lifes in the Barnes Foundation may present fundamentally the same pattern without producing identical aesthetic effects. The bastard element of illustration appears only when the thing which the painter is attempting to express is not expressed by plastic means; when, for example, the subject is mother love and the picture depends for its effect upon mental associations connected with the situation presented rather than with the forms which the painter creates. Thus Giotto is a greater religious painter than Raphael, because in the case of the latter there is nothing religious about the pictures except the story which they illustrate, while in the case of the former there is a mystical element in the nature of the forms created which would be perceived by one totally ignorant of the story from which the subject is taken.

Mr. Barnes's method has the enormous advantage of being almost exclusively the result of induction, and his treatment of the development of tradition is particularly illuminating, especially in so far as it deals with the relationship existing between modern and old masters. The element of distortion which plays so large a part in modern painting and which proves a stumbling-block to so many people of conventional taste or academic training is not, he maintains, a new thing, and he illustrates how primitive, Oriental, and Renaissance painters all achieved effects which would not be possible except for the departures which they made from literal representation. And he does, I think, prove his point abundantly, although he never makes the distinction, not perhaps very important but nevertheless interesting, between those painters who have made an artistic use of, let us say, a deficient knowledge of perspective and those who, fully masters of that knowledge, have deliberately discarded it for artistic purposes. There is no doubt, for example, that the color patterns of certain Persian paintings would be completely destroyed if the perspective were rectified, and much the same thing could be said of many Italian primitives painted by men who had not yet attained a certain technical skill which they and their contemporaries were certainly struggling to attain. There can, on the other hand, be little doubt that, as Mr. Barnes points out, Uccello consciously introduced faulty perspective and a certain stiffness of drawing for the sake of a predetermined effect, and that in so doing he was working upon exactly the same principle which leads many modern painters to sacrifice "correct" drawing or coloring to form. Aesthetically it is perhaps of little importance to make the distinction between those artists who achieved their effects in spite of limited knowledge and those who deliberately disregarded knowledge which they had; but a further investigation of the facts would, I believe, throw some light upon the question of the artist's consciousness of his own aims. The very painters who so cunningly utilized distortion were often, I suspect, quite unaware in their conscious minds that imitation was not always desirable, being eager to advance the knowledge which probably proved definitely harmful to the tradition of Renaissance painting.

Though I have no more than an amateur's interest in painting and should, perhaps, confess to less than an amateur's knowledge of the subject, Mr. Barnes's book seems to me, as one interested in the methods of criticism in general, a distinct and important contribution. Since the criticism of painting involves the discussion of one art in terms appropriate to another, it is particularly likely to become either a vague hocus-pocus or to remain so completely subjective as to be no more than an account of personal reactions which may be conditioned by many factors independent of the work itself. Mr. Barnes furnishes a method of approach in consequence of which one may talk about a picture and be sure that one is, indeed, talking about the picture and not about archaeology, literature, the physics or physiology of vision, or merely vague impressionistic reactions.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Ready-Made Man

Behaviorism. By John Watson. Peoples Institute Publishing Company. $3.

Psychology for Child-Training. By Arland D. Weeks. D. Appleton and Company. $2.

MR. WATSON'S volume of popular lectures, being the work of a belligerent behaviorist, starts with a barrage fire against other systems. Thus psychoanalysis is declared to be mere "junk," and the concept of instincts is said no longer to be needed in psychology. James was an introverted philosopher and not a scientist. As for habits, most psychologists like Thorndike believe that habit formation is "implanted by kind fairies." Personalities like these have made the Watsonian variety of behaviorism somewhat unpopular. Academic circles are not prize rings where the critic talks to his opponent as Dempsey does to his. However, in addition to these particular remarks the lecturer offers some knockout generalizations. Up to the advent of behaviorism the mental sciences were stewing in their own juices. But now, we are informed, introspective and functional psychology shows a leaning toward behaviorism, philosophy is gradually disappearing and becoming the history of science, sociology is merging into behavioristic social psychology, and religion is being replaced among the educated by experimental ethics. In short, the behaviorist can safely throw out this real challenge to the subjective psychologists: "Prove that philosophy and the social sciences based upon your speculations have any right to further take up the time and thought of developing students."

So much for the first lecture in this popular series. The next three are taken up with analyzing psychological prob-

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lems under conditioned reflex methods, with stimulus substitutions in glandular reaction, and with a description of the human body—what it is made of, how it is put together, and how it works. Except for a description of the endocrine glands in their everyday behavior these lectures on physiology, with their crude cuts, are little in advance of the seventeenth-century doctrine of "man a machine." With the fifth lecture more modern topics are taken up. The soul being obsolete, and consciousness being merely an intangible something, it is concluded that there is no such thing as the inheritance of so-called "mental" traits. Here Mr. Watson flings another challenge: "Give me a dozen healthy infants, well-formed, and my own specified world to bring them up in, and I'll guarantee to take any one at random and train him to become any type of specialist I might select—into a doctor, lawyer, artist, merchant, chief, and, yes, even into beggar-man and thief, regardless of his talents, penchants, tendencies, abilities, vocations, and race of his ancestors."

The last Eugenics Congress might have something to say to this. If it be true, time has been wasted on the studies of delinquent and deficient families from the Jukes to the Kallikaks. But, continues Mr. Watson, emotional reactions are not hereditary, and there is no hereditary pattern of fear, rage, shame, and the like. No, fear and other responses are always conditioned. Environment is everything. According to their surroundings the two Smith boys will develop respectively into a captain of industry and a lounge lizard. Certain curious conclusions follow from all this. If eugenics is nothing and euthenics everything, the behaviorist may well ask whether many of our prescribed courses of conduct make for the adjustment of the individual or the contrary—such, for example, as having a family life or even knowing our own fathers and mothers.

Mr. Watson refers to his group as "we hardy souls." They might better be called the behaviorist R. U. R.'s. Carel Capek portrayed machine-made men who behaved as they did because they were made so to behave. In like manner the American iconoclast would substitute the laboratory for the home, because the latter leads to wrong emotional conditioning of children. For instance, in the home children are crying morning, noon, and night. Why? Because there are certain situations which make the child cry, from having the face washed to having the nose wiped. Substitute for these situations those which make the child laugh, from teasing other children to "making sounds more or less musical, at the piano, with a mouth organ, singing and pounding." This substitute for the home sounds quite home-like, and Mr. Watson's conclusion hardly seems to follow that the laboratory is the best environment for "unconditioning" children. The same holds true for another behavioristic Utopia. This is the doctrine that the socially untrained should be restrained and made to earn their daily bread by sixteen hours of work a day in vast manufacturing and agricultural institutions, escape from which is impossible. Again this reminds us of the Robots, the mechanical workmen of Capek; for conditioned reflexes are now to be turned over to the physiologist or to the physiological chemist for solution. The upshot of the whole matter is that man becomes an assembled organic machine ready to run. But in this conclusion the behaviorist has never met the query of the philosopher Montague as to "implication." Man, like a motor car, can be described in terms of the total running parts. But what is the implication, the meaning of the action? The jitney may be going for a joy-ride or the doctor. Does it, the machine, know the meaning, the implication, the aim of its action?

Mr. Weeks contributes a rather dreary little book from North Dakota. It is not above the mental horizon of the high-school student of the plains and offers an easy first course in pedagogy. There is nothing remarkable about the book except its style. That is strange. Talking of "travel interest," the author says:

> A "moral substitute for war" would need to include travel experience in place of that which war provides. The response which the young make to a prospect of war, declared for no matter what ostensible ends, is one consisting of a high percentage of going somewhere. The Crusades relieved the immense boredom at the onset of a sedentary civilization. If or when there is "law, not war," something may have to be done to provide outings having the whoopingly gratifying aspects of going uninvited into foreign territory.

Despite its peculiar diction the book has some rather interesting questionnaires at the ends of its chapters. Answers to similar questions are elsewhere given, and they offer a rich mine of curious information as to what might be called the mind of Main Street.

WOODBRIDGE RILEY

A Modern Confession

No More Parades. By Ford Madox Ford. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

ROUSSEAU quarreled with his time because it would not let him express himself in his own fluid and volcanic terms. He won his fight. Confession, confined in its politest form to the salon, in its most brutal form to the bar and brothel, in its most revelatory form to the Catholic grating, became, in the course of time, an established literary convention. The romantic novel was born—but terrific were the labor pains. Rousseau, Byron, Werther, Musset, Leopardi were all in their day viewed askance. The crimson-vested yawpers who sat, yelling, astride their several perpendicular pronouns were stoned and derided, pronounced diseased, cried down as perverse. They were all crying aloud in a classic wilderness. They were the first to hang up for display their inhibitions, to capitalize the barbarisms of emotion.

In the beginning this was a trying and difficult business. In their furious attempts to break through the reinforced walls of moral and artistic restraint the early romantics developed full-size complexes—Byronic narcissism, Wertherian suicidal melancholia, and Leopardian sentimental pessimism. The air of Europe was saturated with neuroses. But gradually the confessional impulse organized for its expression beautiful and easy forms of its own—the autobiographical novel, the nineteenth-century lyric, the familiar essay. Romanticism, like vaccination, took; the audience became habituated to it; the romantics themselves ceased to be astonished at the vehemences of their own souls. Byron faded into Oscar Wilde.

Today, in obedience to the eternal art cycle, we are confronted with a new and fascinating literary phenomenon. We are all romantics now, but we may not show it. If you are Stephen Dedalus, intellectualize your emotions; analyze them, scorn them, mock them—but do not flaunt them. Jean-Jacques writhes in misery because he wishes to show his whole soul to the populace, and, of course, cannot. Christopher Tietjens, the hero of "No More Parades," writhes because he does not wish to show his soul to the rabble—and perforce he must. No More Parades! is his cry—but it *is* a cry. And there are other cries wrung from him. The malady, the horror of the war upsets his Tory stoicism. The deep reticence of aristocracy bids him sternly keep his form; but amid the febrile waste and misery of a base-camp behind the lines how shall he keep it? In a world of lurid, sometimes pathetically comic melodrama, how shall he preserve the integrity, the silence of his soul? Obviously this is the inverse of Rousseau's problem. The pendulum has swung.

"No More Parades" is thus extremely interesting to the diagnostician of literary trends. It does not, perhaps, deserve on any other grounds the excessive praise that has been heaped upon it. Its war pictures, while vivid and useful as propaganda (*pace* the Flaubertian Mr. Ford!), are essentially in the Barbusse-Latzko tradition; the use of interior monologue

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and subconscious conversation is skilful, but not, like that of Joyce, electrical; and while its purely epithetical vigor is often magnificent, the language as a whole is swollen. The book has moments of intensity; but they are, after all, and noticeably, moments. Its energy is discontinuous, sporadic; its heralded "indignation" is at times a noble cry, but just as often a frothy splutter. Mr. Ford has created in Tietjens an involved and subtle character, but the art-fabric in which he lives and moves is broken and uneven. The author's intelligence is as searching as lightning—but there is no unity in lightning. It is spectacular, but not permanently illuminating.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

A Theory of Language

Geist und Kultur in der Sprache. Von Karl Vossler. Heidelberg: Carl Winter's Universitätsbuchhandlung.

THIS volume of miscellaneous essays on what may be called the philosophy of language by the well-known Romanist of the University of Munich is held together by the consideration of linguistic processes in their relation to other mental activities. It deals successively with language as a product of social intercourse, of personal inner experience, of religious inspiration and cult, of custom and usage, of national instinct, of groups of special interests, occupations, and professions, of science, and of poetry. All of these discussions are distinguished by penetration and lucidity of thought and enlivened by a wealth of illustrative facts. Their tendency may be summed up by the author's own words: "What we combat is the division of labor, all too long practiced, according to which the philosopher was to take care of the thinking, the empiricist of the collecting of material and the so-called knowing. Through it there have been heaped up, on the one hand, so many shadowy and empty ideas, on the other, so many 'solid,' i.e., dry, facts, that it is time by pulling down the partition-wall to see both ideas and facts in a new light." The chapter on New Forms of Thought in Vulgar Latin is a particularly enlightening example of the fruitfulness of Professor Vossler's method. The dedication of the book to Professor J. E. Spingarn is a well-merited acknowledgment of the services of this American pioneer in the comparative study of literature.

KUNO FRANCKE

Labor Economics

Labor Economics. By Solomon Blum. Henry Holt and Company. $4.

OUR eighth lively art is research. It's cheap, and gets cheaper with every commencement. Our annual output of fact-findings (in which the same facts often lead to different findings) no doubt stacks up pretty well with our overwhelming preponderance of autos and phones, as against the rest of the world. But in few fields has the art developed so rapidly since the war as in labor, whose spiritual deflation seems to stand in some sort of inverse ratio to its intellectual fashionableness. The result is inevitable. In this mania for fact-gathering, we have forgotten that the vast multitude of facts is next to worthless; that the important thing is the significant fact.

In this sense, Dr. Blum's volume, intended primarily as a textbook, is excellent. It contains about 22,000 lines, and I daresay each line contains one or more facts—events, statements of others' opinions, points of established principle, and so on. But they do not come in pleonastic profusion, attested in bibliographical affidavits by good and poor experts alike. They are used with the selective economy of a shrewd man who takes the necessity of objective scholarship for granted. Cheap facts, easy views, insignificant phenomena, mere notions are kept out with the fine comb of intellectual pride. Hence the really vast knowledge of the man is truly impressive. Copernicus and the Doctrine of Labor Conspiracy, Kant and the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, the French Revolution and the B. and O. Plan in the railroad shops—they all find their relevant place. The injunction, the business cycle, social insurance of all kinds, the various theories of wages with cases in point; the conditions of employment and unemployment, the theoretical and actual forms of the boycott and the strike, the principles and programs and forms and functions of the various divisions in labor—all these are perspicaciously presented. It is not merely a thorough piece of work. It is a fine piece of workmanship.

Curiously enough, however, it is the very excellent workmanship on those problems in labor economics which the book covers that leaves one unsatisfied at the end. One's hopes are raised that this book gives a definitive view of contemporary American labor. Not that we need a didactic theory of labor. But we do need an interpretation of the clear tendencies of post-bellum labor: labor capitalism, company unionism, labor's needed orientation against the new vertical trust, its collapse of political action, the lunacy of its radical wings, the subtle fears which inhibit the new unionism generally. It is distinctly time to ask the labor movement where it is going—provided the question could be grounded on just such painfully gathered material as we find in this book. In short, it is time for just such a work as the "History of Labor in the United States," by Professor Commons and his associates, which was a definitive appraisal of American labor before the war. Commons's central thesis that labor somehow muddles through and on from the economic to the political field and then back again no longer holds good. What are the emerging directions?

Dr. Blum does not say. He suffers somewhat from the Fabian complex of the scholar who hesitates to draw conclusions even from the soundest of premises, and who tends to cover most fully those aspects of his subject with which he is most familiar. He spends over one hundred pages, most illuminatingly, on the relations between labor and law, as they developed in jurisprudence and in the courts. But he spends only forty-five pages on the forms of union organization; only a little over thirty pages on union tactics. He deals hardly at all with union politics. He really deals with the general structure of economic society, with special reference to labor. It is because he leaves so many pressing problems unanswered, and because he is just the sort of person whose opinions would be valuable, that one lays the book aside with a sense of incompleteness. It is one of those performances which leave little to criticism but something to wish for.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

Toward an Understanding of Youth

The Revolt of Modern Youth. By Judge Ben B. Lindsey and Wainwright Evans. Boni and Liveright. $3.

The Education of the Modern Boy. A Collection of Papers by A. E. Stearns, S. S. Drury, Endicott Peabody, R. H. Howe, W. L. W. Field, and Wm. G. Thayer. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. $3.

THE tolerance and good sense evidenced in Judge Lindsey's account of his methods in his dealing with juvenile delinquents in Denver make his book one which might well be compulsory reading for a large part of the population. The delinquencies in question are almost entirely of a sexual nature and the cases given are usually those of girls. Judge Lindsey gives a running picture of what he believes to be true of the American community: first, that of all the youth who go to parties and dances and auto rides 90 per cent or more indulge in hugging and kissing; second, that of this group at least 50 per cent indulge in other sex liberties; and third, that 15 to 25 per cent of the original 90 eventually participate in complete sexual experience. Out of five hundred girls who came to him or were sent to him he found only twenty-five who had become pregnant. He

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shows the youth of the land being brought up on the one gospel of not getting found out; but the darkest thing in his account is the manner in which parents and teachers attempt to meet the situation. The traditionalized behavior, the idiocy, and often the sadism of the adults involved in the stories he gives do not make for pleasant reading.

The judge's own attitude is repeatedly affirmed in vigorous language. "For these girls, happily, are not 'lost' and 'ruined' in the old sense, both because society sometimes deals more leniently with them than it once did, and also because relatively few of them encounter the exposure which might bring down upon them, and force them to *believe*, the destructive, anti-social suggestion, 'You are lost.'" Or again: "If it be a choice between 'sanctioning immorality' and virtually compelling terrified girls to practice abortion and infanticide, by all means let us sanction immorality, or at least admit that it is the lesser of the two evils."

Judge Lindsey's attitude toward the problems of youth has long been well known and his work in Colorado is justly famous. He very truly says that this work is a sort of "human artistry," for it deals in a psychology the first principles of which have not yet been formulated. Yet though it is necessary for him to win the confidence and often to change the behavior of the youths involved, the reader gains the impression that most of his duties turn not on eliminating the evil within the adolescent but on saving the adolescent from the evil that is in society. His accounts of conversations with girls who do not wish to marry and who have calmly and successfully flouted the conventions constitute important contributions to an understanding of youth. He attacks the ignorance of sex in which society attempts to keep the young, superstitious taboos against birth control, and a rigid acceptance of the present form of matrimony, declaring "that until society shall consent to make the institution of marriage sufficiently flexible to conduce to the happiness and freedom of persons who enter it, it is, in my judgment, going to be regarded by an increasingly large number of men and women as an intolerable yoke to be avoided at all costs." The judge's complete acceptance of the monogamous ideal and his great concern over the crime of abortion may bring a little amusement to the social scientist, but these are minor matters.

"The Education of the Modern Boy," by the headmasters of several private schools, is an exceedingly unimportant book. Topics considered are home influence, religious influence, academic influence, athletic influence, meeting the college entrance requirements, and the future trend of the private school. The last paper, by William G. Thayer, is intelligent.

LORINE PRUETTE

Books in Brief

The Waning of the Middle Ages. By J. Huizinga. Longmans, Green and Company. $5.40.

The best feature of this book is its emphasis upon the later Middle Ages as a "period of termination"—the end of a distinct medieval culture rather than a mere prelude to modern times. The forms of medieval life remained, but the spirit was dead and hence arose the curiously bizarre and decadent features of a society running the gamut of human emotions from "deep pessimism" to "violent joy," from mystical devotion to sensual indulgence, from the "complicated formalism of chivalry and love" to a Theocritean idealization of pastoral life. Professor Huizinga uses an impressive mass of evidence—chiefly from art and literature—to give a picture that is quite definite and yet leaves one unsatisfied. His illustrations often seem as extravagant as he supposes the later Middle Ages to have been; the translation is undistinguished; and no attention is given to the great social and economic movements that explain why the Middle Ages were waning.

Héloïse and Abélard. By George Moore. Boni and Liveright. Two volumes. $5.

For the first time this masterpiece of George Moore—he has two or three others—becomes available to the general public at a price which is not "limited." It is to be hoped that Mr. Moore has altered his views on the subject of pearls and swine. When "A Story-Teller's Holiday" appears in a trade edition we shall be satisfied that he has.

Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo. By Charles F. Lummis. The Century Company. $4.50.

The Land of Poco Tiempo. By Charles F. Lummis. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

Welcome reprints of two slightly overlapping classics of Southwestern travel. New Mexico's stock is steadily rising, and Mr. Lummis will continue to be one of the causes.

Silhouettes. By Sir Edmund Gosse. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

Still more book reviews from the engaging and never disturbing dean of English reviewers.

Spanish Mysticism. By E. Allison Peers. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

An introduction, chiefly through translated extracts, to thirteen Spanish mystics, from Hernando de Zárate to Luis de León.

First Impressions. Essays on Poetry, Criticism, and Prosody. By Llewellyn Jones. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Sensible and acute, though not always interesting, essays on contemporary American and British poetic theory and practice.

Drama

Three Bad Plays

A COLLEGE instructor and an actor, collaborating to write "The Virgin" (Maxine Elliott's Theater), have managed to combine the worst features of both, for they have taken a theme which has distinct possibilities and made of it a play which is as melodramatic as an actor could wish without ceasing to be as far removed as a classroom lecture from any genuine contact with the primitive passions it attempts to portray.

The original conception—by no means a bad one—came, I fancy, from the academician. He had observed the fact that moral indignation and envy are closely akin and he was able to particularize to the extent of conceiving an admirable special case of this general fact, the case, namely, of a man whose exalted respect for the "purity" of a certain woman turns into a desire to rape and bully her by way of inflicting a punishment when he discovers that she is not as icily unapproachable by others as he had supposed. Having got this far and never having, I suspect, penetrated much below the skin into any real people, he was compelled to fall back upon the advice offered by all textbooks on creative writing, which is to invent characters appropriate to the theme in hand. This he proceeded to do as well as he or anybody else could in that schematic fashion. He invented a fanatical preacher whose Tolstoian principles caused him to leave his wife untouched, he invented a French-Canadian lumberman who would believe her a sort of accredited deputy of the Blessed Virgin herself, and then, his imagination growing a little feeble, he invented a young Georgian whom he brings all the way from his native State to hang rather uselessly about the stage until the appropriate moment arrives for him to kiss the all too human maid. The result, as my synopsis may indicate, was to produce a play with all the obviously mechanical manipulations and all the absence of genuine life which synthetic art invariably displays.

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At this point (I am still reconstructing a hypothetical history) the work came to the attention of an actor and he, following the mental process usual in actors, concluded that nothing was needed except a little more violence. Let me, I can hear him say, knock a few people down from time to time when the action gets slow, let me, above all, drag the virgin about the floor for fifteen minutes or so, removing a bit of clothing from time to time, and your show is a sure-fire hit. The author, eager for the triumph of a Broadway production, consented; and the result is a cross between an academic imitation of Eugene O'Neill and something in the nature of Mr. Brady's or Mr. Woods's more earnest efforts with what is known as sex appeal. As serious drama it can hardly be taken seriously, and from the standpoint of those who patronized "The Good Bad Woman" there are too many irrelevancies. "When," I can hear them ask in a famous phrase, "do the ravishings begin?"

The only real pity is that the serious efforts of a very capable cast should be wasted. For Louis Bennison, who is coauthor and who plays the part of the simple-minded Canadian with much flashing of teeth and swelling of chest, I have no particular sympathy; but Lee Baker manages to give his portrayal of the fanatical preacher moments of real power, and Phyllis Povah makes more than could reasonably be expected out of the virgin whom the authors have so feebly characterized.

"Mama Loves Papa" (Forrest Theater), an exceedingly thin and conventional farce, and "The Creaking Chair" (Lyceum Theater), an equally conventional mystery play, complete the list of new plays for a very dull week. There are, however, two revivals. At the Princess Theater Violet Kemble Cooper is appearing in "The Unchastened Woman," while at the Hampden Theater Mr. Walter Hampden is again appearing as Cyrano de Bergerac—one of his most popular roles.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Portugal's African Slave States

By ALBIN E. JOHNSON

THERE was a time, not so long ago, when slavery was not regarded as highly reprehensible; nor was serfdom, nor peonage. Now, however, an international conscience frowns upon these ancient institutions; the new morality of Lincoln and Wilson and Viscount Cecil of Chelwood decrees that "involuntary servitude" shall no longer be tolerated on the earth. But, somehow, in Africa, when morality conflicts with economic law, when nature conspires against the ambitions of energetic Europeans who would wrest from the soil its latent wealth, the agents of Lisbon and Paris and London and Rome agree graciously to abolish slavery as such, and then announce to the credulous native that henceforth he need only engage in a little "compulsory labor" now and then.

It is the purpose of this article to deal only with the Portuguese colonies of Angola and Mozambique, although it is fair to say that conditions similar to those existing there are to be found in mandated territories of Great Britain, France, and Italy. But since the latter governments have made no defense of "forced labor" nor attacked the Slavery Protocol of Viscount Cecil, which is now being discussed and considered in the chancelleries of Europe, it may be hoped that these Powers will discourage that nefarious practice in the future.

Portugal, however, has not only refused to forswear "forced labor," which Lisbon designates by the less obnoxious term of "compulsory," in her colonies but actually argues that it is her duty to mankind and her obligation under the League Covenant "to exploit the richness and resources" of her African colonies, and that the end justifies the means.

The conditions that are alleged to exist in Angola and Mozambique need not be recapitulated. Professor Edward Alsworth Ross of the University of Wisconsin and Dr. R. Melville Cramer of New York City have devoted more than sixty printed pages to a report exposing them. *The Nation*, in its issue of August 12, 1925, printed the Ross-Cramer document in part. That the charges are taken seriously is evident from the fact that Portugal saw fit to dispatch a top-heavy delegation to the Sixth League Assembly to argue her case, and colonial committees to the Temporary Slavery Commission's sittings at Geneva, and has made an extensive reply in detail to the allegations of the two Americans. But the Portuguese arguments in favor of "compulsory labor" and Alfonso Augusto da Costa's opposition to that part of Viscount Cecil's protocol which deals with the discredited practice are unique in the annals of diplomacy. Hence their exposition.

Article 3 of Viscount Cecil's Anti-Slavery Protocol, presented to the League Assembly and approved as the basis of an international convention, reads:

> The signatory states, recognizing the grave evils that may result from the employment of forced labor, except for essential public services, engage that, where it is necessary for special reasons to admit employment of forced labor, they will take all necessary precautions, particularly where labor belongs to the less advanced races, to prevent conditions analogous to those of slavery from resulting from such employment.

Like much of Lord Cecil's famous Geneva Opium Convention, the chief article in the Anti-Slavery Protocol is rather innocuous. It permits "forced labor" for "public services," which may be made to constitute almost anything. And in other "special cases" it only suggests that "all necessary precautions" be taken to safeguard against abuses. These "precautions" are left to the discretion of the authorities concerned.

But even this theoretical and limited curtailment of their colonial administrative powers is distasteful to the Portuguese. "We must distinguish between compulsory (or forced) labor, which should be avoided as far as possible, and the obligation to work," declares the Portuguese Foreign Ministry, adding:

> The obligation to work is a law of nature, the scope of which the very progress of our civilization tends daily to enlarge. . . . We must not forbid compulsory labor in such a way as to suggest to the native races that its prohibition implies for them a right to idleness, and a permission to emancipate themselves from the law of work to which we are all subject. . . . This would be dangerous to everyone and for the natives themselves, because their well-being and development must proceed hand in hand with the economic development of the country. . . . This development can only be achieved by the science, capital, and labor of the colonizing race, working in close cooperation with the native populations.

Of the natives' antipathy to this "law of nature" to work the Portuguese make a great issue, pointing out that agricultural and industrial undertakings cannot hope to prosper without workmen and that it is their "right" to demand of the native population the labor necessary to carry on such undertakings. The natives, says Da Costa, are "often wealthy and indolent" and refuse to work even for the highest wages.

> The native has few needs and makes his wives toil for his daily bread [explains Da Costa, espousing for the moment the cause of the weaker sex]. Work has no attraction for the native and he does not feel the need of it. . . . He often spends his day drinking native beer, taking snuff, and chatting. . . . And, therefore, since the welfare of the individual is in direct proportion to the material and economic development of their country, it is quite comprehensible that the authorities should exercise, albeit with great prudence and all the necessary tact, a certain moral pressure, which they are entitled to use by the very nature of the task they are called upon to perform. . . .

On the other hand, while discussing the subject of women carrying the hod, the Portuguese spokesman hastens to assert that the same women do not seem to mind it a bit; in fact, these faithful wives of African Negroes simply love to toil for their men. The Ross report regarded it "as surprising that women with babies on their backs should be sent in place of their husbands to work on the public highways." But Da Costa, pointing out that this is of course an "appeal to pity and humanitarian sentiment," says:

> But it has no significance. . . . African Negresses never leave their children when they are young for fear that they will be stolen or eaten by wild beasts. . . . They

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tie the babies up on their backs and carry them along when they are working about their houses or in the fields . . . and even carry them during the interminable dances of which, especially at night, the blacks are so fond.

Ross further reports that when a man has been conscripted he often returns penniless to his village eight months or a year later. The American investigators learned that, according to the natives' own explanation, the planters often failed to pay them anything or treated them so cruelly that they were forced to run away before their work period expired, hence forfeiting their "fifty cents"; or else they alleged that the Portuguese *cipaios,* native police, or the official *administradores,* to whom the planters are often required to transmit the workers' pay, appropriated it for their own use.

But the Portuguese answer contains a warning:

> It is not always advisable to believe what a native has to say. . . . The native, as anyone will know who has studied his psychology, will always say what he thinks his interrogator wants him to say. . . . A native returning after having worked for a specified time receives his wages. On his way home he finds opportunity to amuse himself and spend his money. When he reaches his village his wives ask him what he has done with his wages and naturally he then says that he has not been paid.

And so it goes, according to the Portuguese, even in darkest Africa.

And in this fashion, item after item, Lisbon answers the Ross-Cramer Report. When the Americans declare that the natives are forced to build "useless roads," Da Costa is quick to challenge the meaning of the word "useless." The natives are generously allowed to "plant pineapples along the borders and so are the only people to profit by them."

In conclusion the Portuguese point out the nation's brilliant record as a colonizing Power: how Lisbon abolished slavery fully three decades before it ceased to flourish in America; how Portuguese missionaries were spreading the Gospel of Christ over Africa and the Orient, and even in the New World, long centuries ago, and how the Lisbon Government today (in Macao and Angola) is doing its share in continuing the civilizing work of those early crusaders.

Then, deferentially but specifically, Alfonso Augusto da Costa turns an accusing finger backwards and asks the distinguished persons who introduced the Ross-Cramer Report to the League to look into the condition of the black population in America, which "frequently complains that its members, although citizens of the United States by law, are not treated as such on account of difference of race and color."

Speaking brutally, "forced labor" is a necessity in the present Portuguese scheme of colonial administration (and probably in British Kenya, the Cameroons, and Togoland), just as "opium farms" are indispensable in Portugal's cesspool of the Orient, Macao.

Reservations to the recent International Opium Convention, made by Portugal for Macao, which the American delegation even refused to dignify by participating in the final drafting, have for the time being rendered that questionable document wholly ineffective; Portugal's advance reservations to Lord Cecil's Slavery Protocol have strangled it before its birth.

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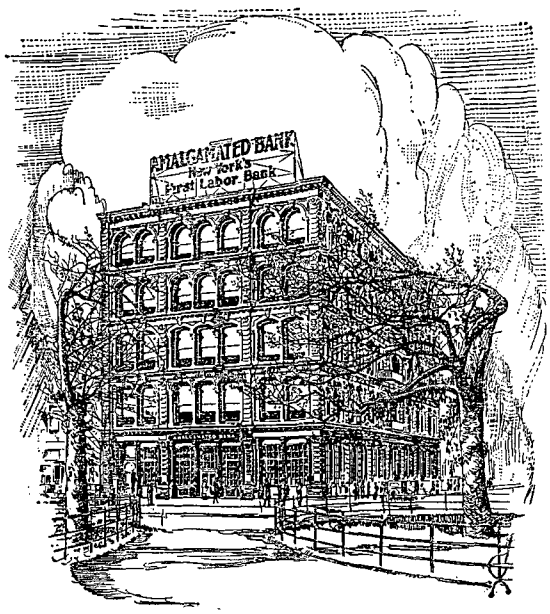

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A "United Front" in the Philippines

A SIGNIFICANT step in the campaign for Philippine independence is the signing of a coalition pact by the leaders of both major parties in the Philippines. The following text is taken from the *Philippines Free Press* (Manila) for January 16:

For some time past it has been noted that an organized and systematic campaign is being waged here, as well as in America, designed to induce the people of the United States to change their policy toward the Philippine Islands. The object is annexation. The activities shown by the American Chamber of Commerce, setting aside funds and sending men to the United States to carry out the campaign against independence; the extraordinary attention given to questions Philippine by important newspapers and magazines in America; and the series of publications which have appeared recently, as well as the frequent visits of American writers and publishers who seem to be studying local conditions only to advocate retention of the islands—all this shows an organized attempt to frustrate the fulfilment of the sacred promise of independence made to the Filipino people.

President Coolidge's recommendation in his last message to Congress, aimed at strengthening the powers of the Governor General, is the best proof that this anti-independence campaign may result in disaster to the cause of the country. Unless this campaign is checked immediately through the combined and united efforts of all elements which constitute Filipino nationality, specially of the political parties, the imperialist movement will gain ground gradually and we shall soon see blasted our hopes of nationality.

It has not been possible to conduct our independence campaign so firmly and energetically as it should be, due to a lack of unity of, and understanding between, the two major political parties of our country. While it is true that there exists absolute conformity in the principles of the platforms of the two parties as regards the national cause, in practice their efforts have been isolated and scattered, thereby dividing responsibility which should be assumed in common. This situation is becoming disastrous to the cause of independence, and should cease for its own good. All Filipinos should feel equally responsible, and, regardless of party expediency or religious creed, everybody should take active part in the direction and execution of the campaign for independence. The slogan should be Let American imperialism stand on one side and Filipino nationalism on the other.

In order to establish a mutual understanding between the two political parties of the Philippines and combine their efforts in the campaign for independence, the directorates of the Nacionalista and Democrata parties agree upon the following

TERMS OF COVENANT

1. To create a National Supreme Council which shall be composed of ten members, five Nacionalistas and five Democratas, eight of whom, at least, shall be members of the legislature. This council shall have the high command of Filipino policy in everything concerning the independence campaign, in all matters that may affect the relations between the United States and the Philippines, and in the administration of the interests of the country at large. Its powers shall be not merely deliberative or advisory but also executive in its fullest sense. It shall prepare a program of its work and activities in connection with the independence campaign; organize and direct an intensive national campaign for the purpose of fomenting protective habits and stimulating native industries, and shall make recommendations to the legislature on matters of internal government. The Supreme Council may create an advisory body composed of technical men and other representative elements of the country, and also organize committees that

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shall carry out such work as in its judgment will tend to make the independence campaign more effective. The directorates of the Nacionalista and Democrata parties shall secure ratification of the powers herein conferred upon the Supreme Council through their respective representatives in the legislature, and the presidents of both chambers of the legislature shall call a meeting of the Commission of Independence for the same purpose in so far as it may affect the campaign for independence.

2. The Supreme Council shall organize a commission which shall permanently reside in the United States and which shall not be dissolved until independence of the Philippines is obtained. One half of the members of this commission shall be appointed by the Supreme Council on recommendation of the Nacionalista Party, and the other half on recommendation of the Democrata Party, persons not affiliated with either party being eligible to membership on this commission.

3. That there shall be elected by the legislature a Democrata resident commissioner as soon as a vacancy occurs, in order that in the future the Filipino people may be represented in the Congress of the United States by commissioners elected and recommended by the Nacionalista and Democrata parties of the Philippines.

4. Any appeals to the Filipino people for contributions for the independence campaign shall be made by and in behalf of the Supreme Council, which shall exercise control and supervision of the collection, custody, and disbursements of such funds.

5. The present covenant shall apply to all the purposes sought in it after its approval by the directorates to the Nacionalista and Democrata parties.

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK VAN LOON, author and artist, will be one of the speakers at the next *Nation* dinner in New York.

JAMES MURPHY left Rome because of censorship of newspaper dispatches and is now writing from Paris on Italian politics.

HARRY F. WARD, of the Methodist Federation for Social Service, returned recently from China. *Nation* readers will remember his articles on the East in the issues of September 9 and July 22, 1925.

MARGARETE MUNSTERBERG is a writer and the daughter of the psychologist, Hugo Munsterberg.

EDA LOU WALTON'S verse about American Indians was recently collected in a volume "Dawn Boy: Blackfoot and Navajo Songs."

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, first Labor Prime Minister of England, is a frequent contributor to *The Nation*.

WOODBRIDGE RILEY is professor of philosophy at Vassar College.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN teaches English at the Ethical Culture School in New York.

KUNO FRANCKE is professor emeritus and honorary curator of the Germanic Museum at Harvard University. He has written various books in German, English, and Latin.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG is a frequent contributor to *The Nation* on labor subjects.

LORINE PRUETTE is the author of "Women and Leisure: A Study in Social Waste."

ALBIN E. JOHNSON is a journalist living in Geneva. He wrote the article Intrigue in the Middle East in *The Nation* for February 10.

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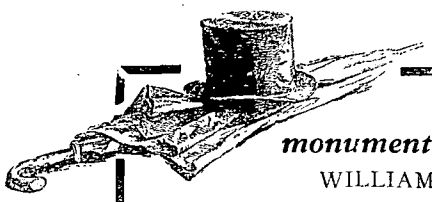

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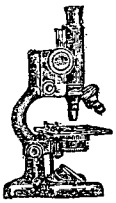

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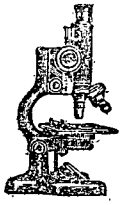

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